Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 20, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

# A JIM-DANDY OPEN

## Connors triumphs at Forest Hills



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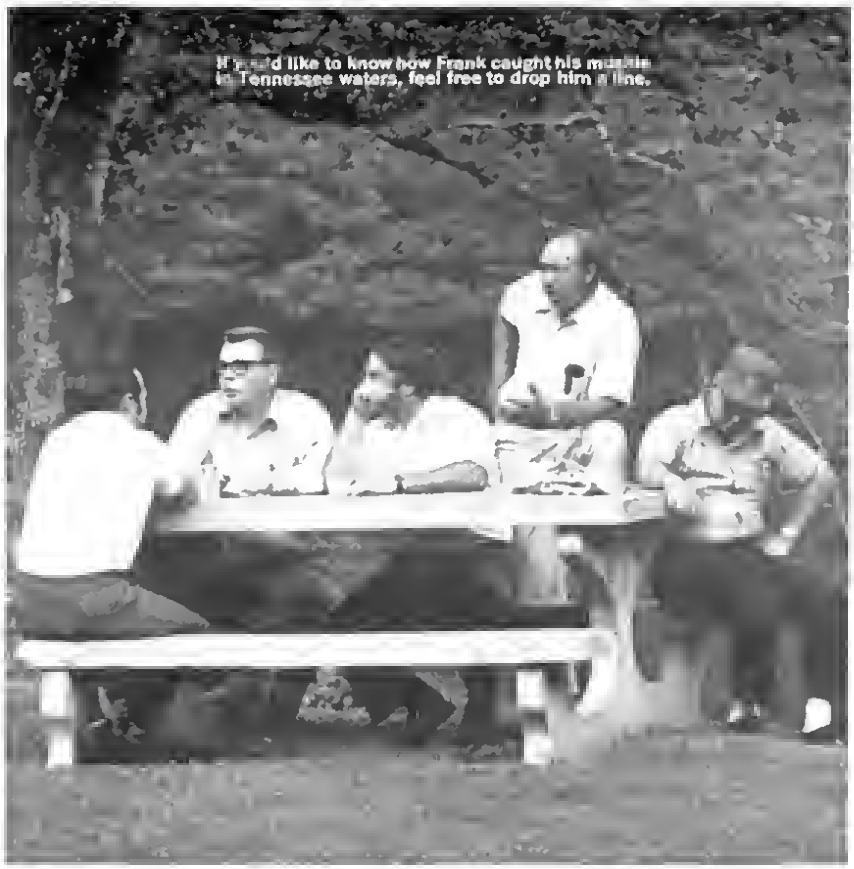
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HERE'S OUR HEAD DISTILLER telling his favorite fishing tale. His assistants, we believe, have heard it before.



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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

**BOMBSHELL**

The stunning rejection of pro football's player draft in federal court last week was a dramatic vindication of Ed Garvey, executive director of the Players Association. Garvey had come under considerable criticism earlier this month (SCORECARD, Sept. 13) for disagreeing with Players Association President Dick Anderson, who wanted to accept the owners' latest contract offer. At the time, Alan Page of the Minnesota Vikings, a Garvey supporter, said criticism of the executive director was unfair, declaring that all Garvey had done was raise "some questions that couldn't be answered." That is why, Page said, the player representatives decided to table the offer.

If the players had overruled Garvey and accepted the contract, under its terms they would have been obliged to join with the owners in any legal defense of it, including an appeal against the court ruling outlawing the draft. They would be fighting *against* things they previously had been fighting for.

In view of the succession of legal defeats the owners have suffered, it is obvious that they must recast their thinking. Pro football's structure has to be changed, perhaps radically. But surely a system can be worked out that will recognize what the players have won in court and still protect the huge investment the owners have in the game.

**WOMAN'S VIEW**

At Forest Hills, where her frenetic husband Ilie had created controversy on the tennis court (*page 10*), Dominique Nastase told Tony Kornheiser of *The New York Times*: "I married two men. There is the man I see at home, and that other man I see on the court. I love the two parts—the good and the bad. . . . He is like a child, I guess. He just cannot keep it inside him. It must come out when he feels it. I think how many times I want to run on court and say, 'Ilie, come on, shut up.' But he cannot stop, and I cannot stop him. I hear him curse, and I think how many times I say to him, 'Ilie, you speak five other languages—French, Romanian, Italian, Spanish and Russian. Why in America you curse in English?' "

**RULES WITH TEETH**

A tennis fan's reaction: "O.K., Nastase is wrong. Kodes was wrong when he held up play for five minutes to argue a decision. All these prima donnas are wrong when they curse officials and abuse opponents and antagonize the crowd. But what can tennis do? Throw them out? That's too drastic—it hurts them too much, it diminishes their opponents' accomplishments, it cheats the crowd of a match it came to see. Why not put in a simple system of penalties? Spell out the exact extent to which a player can complain. When he goes past that, call a technical: the point goes to the opponent. More serious violation: game to the opponent. Repeated serious violations: set to the opponent. Do that for a couple of tournaments and you'll see those bad actors shape up in a hurry."

**BRIGHT SIDE**

Not for nothing does New York Yankee broadcaster Phil Rizzuto enjoy the reputation of a man who can find something cheery to say about practically any bleak situation. The Scooter added world-class luster to his Pollyanna credentials last Friday night after the telecast of a Yankee game was interrupted briefly for a bulletin saying the TWA jet that had been hijacked had just landed in Montreal. "Well," said Rizzuto on regaining the air, "it's better than Cuba."

**MIDDLE-AGED SPREAD**

When two middle-aged men get together the odds are good that before their conversation ends they'll be telling each other how much weight they've taken off, or intend to take off, or wish they could take off. But Luis Tiant, the portly, venerable pitching star of the Boston Red Sox, goes the other way, as befits a man whose throwing style is to turn his back on the batter. Tiant has let his weight climb to more than 200 pounds this summer, and he says his effectiveness has improved proportionately. After a somewhat desultory early half of the season he spun off seven wins in a row and lifted his record to 18–11. "I lost some weight earlier in the year," Tiant says, "and I didn't have the strength I wanted. Now when I win, no one says a thing. When I lose, they all tell me I'm too fat."

**DESERT SONG**

The price of renting camels has risen dramatically. You may think this of no moment, but folks in Virginia City, Nev. would hardly agree. It meant they had to cancel the National Camel and Ostrich races this year.

In 1975 it cost the town $2,000 to rent three camels and three ostriches. This year no ostriches were available and camels alone would cost $3,000. That was the straw that broke the sponsors' back.

The races, designed to focus attention on the town made famous by the rich Comstock Lode, may be revived next year, perhaps in conjunction with old-time mine events like single- and double-jacking and maybe a little mucking.

If not, it's no great loss. Ostriches were about as common as great auks in the



Old West, and while camels were used to haul supplies in some mining areas, they weren't much help around Virginia City because the rocks hurt their feet.

**ONE-ON-ONE**

The war among the television networks for the sports audience will be fun to watch next winter, when CBS and NBC go head to head in basketball. CBS is pushing the pro game, assuming that the merger, with its addition of such superb players as Julius Erving and David

*continued*

# "Here's where some Ford-built of the toughest tests they

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"How come I feel it's ganno

hurricane! It's a tough test for water leaks: around the doors...around the windows...around the trunk...and around the hood.



"What'll it be:
Heat Wave...or Stormy Weather?

# cars get to go through some got to go through."



lost 40 days ond 40 nights?"

## Tough Test #2.

Push a Cold Button and the temperature drops to —20 degrees. In just a short time you and the test car are sitting at the North Pole freezing your fenders off. This is how we test for cold weather starting. At zero degrees, we test the operation of heaters, de-foggers, defrosters, engines, and fuel systems.



Thot breeze is a real hang-up.'

"Chatter — chatter — chatter — chatter.



## Tough Test #3.



"I'm not soying Test #3 is hot... but you put an egg on the roof ond it s gonno fry.

Push a Hot Button... 240 overhead heat lamps put us right in the middle of the Sahara Desert. In this 110-degree oven, we test the engine cooling system, air-conditioning, ventilation. And also, test for vapor lock.

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Thompson to the established NBA headliners, will send ratings soaring, maybe to the high levels they reached several years ago. CBS will try for maximum audiences by dividing the country into four areas and stressing regional telecasts.

NBC, on the other hand, is strictly collegiate, and confident—so much so that it is scheduling Sunday afternoon telecasts of college games in direct competition with CBS' pros. NBC did this twice last season and both times outdrew the NBA. College games on Sundays got about 24% of the TV audience during the 1975-76 season compared to about 19% for NBA games. NBC will begin its Sunday college schedule in January and will put games on every week thereafter through the NCAA tournament in March.

**ALOHA**

These are some of the things that happened to the Hawaii Islanders during the last 20 days of the Pacific Coast League season. They led the league's West division, lost that lead, came back on the last day of the regular season to finish in a tie for first place, flew from Hawaii to Tacoma for a single-game playoff and won it to take the West division title. Their star pitcher, Diego Segui, quit the club before the playoff game and sued for back pay. Two players were receiving unemployment insurance because they were not being paid by the financially distressed club. The business office was padlocked by the Internal Revenue Service over a matter of tax liens. The club was sued by a sporting-goods manufacturer for $7,182 owed for jackets given away in an Islanders promotion. A restaurant named the Columbia Inn said it had already given the Islanders $5,500 toward the cost of the jackets and, hey, what happened to the money? Jack Quinn, part owner, president and general manager of the ball club, said the $5,500 had gone into the general accounting fund, but also revealed that the team's total indebtedness was around $167,000. A finance company went to court over a loan to Quinn. A Waikiki hotel sued for $2,260 in unpaid bills.

In Tacoma, the players celebrated their division-winning triumph with two cases of champagne that Manager Roy Hartsfield bought from the losing team (which had had the bubbly on ice in case it won) for $50—of his own money. In Salt Lake City, Pacific Coast League executives voted to relieve Hawaii of its franchise, which was their way of saying they were kicking the Islanders out of the league. But the Hawaiians, as West division champs, were supposed to play a best-four-of-seven series with Salt Lake City, the East division winners, for the PCL championship. The league decided that would be all right—except make it a best-three-of-five series instead, with all games in Salt Lake City. None of this flying to Honolulu.

The Islanders, still in Tacoma, discovered they were stranded, with neither enough money nor credit to get to Salt Lake City. Or anywhere. The San Diego Padres, who have a working agreement with Hawaii, came to the rescue and paid the transportation costs over the mountains to Utah, where the league said it would foot bills for lodging and meals.

In Salt Lake City the battered but cheerful Islanders ("It took me 16 years," said veteran Eddie Watt, "but I finally got my amateur standing back"), won the first game of the playoffs, lost the next two and then came back to win the final two and the pennant. Again, they had to drink the other team's champagne.

**BUM'S DEAL**

Wade Phillips, who coaches the Houston Oiler linebackers, had no trouble negotiating his contract with the NFL team when he decided this season to shift to Houston from the University of Kansas coaching staff. His father is Bum Phillips, the Oilers' head coach. "I just showed the contract to Wade and said, 'This is it,' " Bum says. "Just like I used to tell him what to eat for breakfast. After all, if he can't trust his old daddy, who can he trust?"

Still, the son is an outspoken assistant coach. "Wade always says what he feels," admits Bum, "even when we don't agree. He's confident; he knows where he stands. He knows if I fire him, I got to fire my wife, my daughter-in-law and my grandchildren, too."

The younger Phillips claims he has a strong protective argument if ever he fouls up in his coaching duties. "If my father asks what went wrong," he says, "I'll plead heredity."

**GOT THE HORSE HERE SOMEWHERE**

Rick Talley, the *Chicago Tribune* sports columnist who considers himself something of a master in the subtle art of betting horses, kept telling everyone before The Hambletonian to bet on Billy Haughton's two-horse entry of Steve Lobell and Quick Pay. As you know, Steve Lobell won the Hambo—yet Talley didn't. It's a harrowing tale.

At the track on race day Talley bet the entry at nice odds of 5 to 1 in the first heat of The Hambletonian. Steve Lobell was moving well on the last turn when he lost a shoe, broke stride and ended up 14th behind the victorious Zoot Suit. Quick Pay was fourth.

Undaunted, Talley planned to bet the entry again in the second heat, but he got so involved in a radio broadcast he was doing from the infield that he forgot about placing a wager until it was too late to scramble back across the track to the windows. And, of course, Steve Lobell came strongly through the stretch to win.

Talley did get a bet down in the Hambletonian third heat, but Steve Lobell and Quick Pay were losers again as Armbro Regina won. Talley had only one more chance—the fourth, showdown heat in which Steve Lobell would go against Zoot Suit and Armbro Regina. But in the paddock Talley heard Haughton talking about the colt's weariness and his desire to scratch him from the final (SI, Sept. 13). Craftily, Talley shifted his bet to Zoot Suit. Steve Lobell, who collapsed from exhaustion after the race, trotted home the winner.

The frustrated Talley's only consolation came in the misery-loves-company department. A wealthy friend had been with him at the track. "He bet Zoot Suit, too," said Talley with grim satisfaction. "I think he lost a grain elevator."

**THEY SAID IT**

- Howard Twilley, veteran Miami Dolphin receiver: "I've got one advantage. When you're as slow as I am, you don't lose any steps as you grow older."
- Doug Peterson of the Seattle Rainiers, on the Northwest League's woman umpire, Christine Wren: "I think she's the most consistent ump in the league this year. But then, they're all bad."
- Isamu Noguchi, renowned sculptor, on the Louisiana Superdome: "It is the greatest piece of sculpture I have ever seen. After this, we sculptors can quit."
- Ira Gordon, waived Tampa Bay guard, after his neck was X-rayed: "It didn't do any good. My neck still hurts." **END**

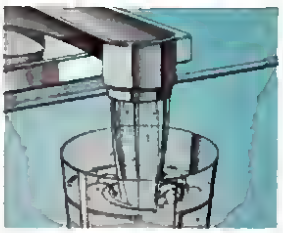
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King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.




# A DUEL OF PACE AND



# POWER

*"The best tennis I've ever played" was demanded of Jimmy Connors to beat Bjorn Borg, while Chris Evert welloped Evonne Goolagong to turn the U.S. Open into an All-American jamboree* **by Curry Kirkpatrick**

CONTINUED

By the time Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg finish up their series of Great Debates, which continued on a dusty patch of clay in the borough of Queens last Sunday, both should be old enough to require wheelchairs and wise enough to give the game of tennis back to somebody else. This is the only conclusion to be reached following a season in which Connors and Borg divided all the spoils in sight, and inevitably came face to face across the net at the West Side Tennis Club in the finals of the $416,600 U.S. Open. They are magnificently matched adversaries and they thrust and parried each other through four sets of spellbinding tennis.

When Connors defeated Borg 6–4, 3–6, 7–6, 6–4 over three hours of pace and power, he not only won his second Open in three years but also stopped Borg's run of 19 straight match triumphs which had threatened to eclipse all of Jimbo's own achievements.

Connors is now 6–1 in career matches with Borg, but the kid is getting tougher. "I have a few years left to win this tournament," he said after losing by the margin of a thrilling third-set tie-break, which Connors admitted was "the best I've ever played."

The gap between the two is probably as narrow as that Connors won all of two games more than Borg, but the official score sheet showed Borg with the edge in points, 123 to 121.

So the race for No. 1 in the world is hardly settled. "I feel I've dominated the game this year," Connors said. "But Bjorn had WCT and Wimbledon so I wanted him here." Ultimately he got Borg by smashing low liners, pinning him in the corners and never permitting him enough time to unleash his topspin artillery with any consistency. The immense effort this required appeared to exhaust Connors in the first set, and he lost the second before he could regain control.

The crisis arrived in the third, after Connors had blown a 4–2, 40–0 lead to let Borg back up for the sixth service break in seven games. They continued through service to the 12-point tie-break, in which Borg had four set points at 6–4, 6–5, 8–7 and 9–8. But as 16,000 spectators sat enthralled by the drama, Borg played it too cozy and Connors crunched for broke, thrice drilling approaches deep enough to set up knock-off volleys. To rescue the fourth set point, Connors shot a forehand bullet down the line that Borg could only stare after.

But Bjorn had his moments. Last February, when he lost the U.S. Pro Indoor to Connors in Philadelphia, he had quit in the third set. Now he has his Wimbledon championship behind him and the confidence to face up to Connors' relentless pounding. He got up from a nasty spill in the third set to work smartly on Connors' faltering forehand. He saved a set point himself in the tie-break before carelessly pushing a backhand wide to lose 11–9. And he made a battle of the fourth set after falling behind 2–4 and 15–40. Though his subpar serving continued to plague him, Borg won two more games and saved two match points in the final moments before it was over.

"He hits 20 or 30 balls back coming at him a million miles an hour," said Connors of Borg. "I can't count him out anymore. It was five seconds after the last point that I realized the match was over."

Connors was asked where Borg had improved. "Everywhere," he said. "I have to play great to beat him. Every time, we kill each other. Those people saw some of the best tennis today they'll ever see."

By the time Connors and Borg came to grips with one another as well as with No. 1, they had become much more than mere finalists in the world's richest tennis tournament. At an event beset by confusion, catcalls, near anarchy and the demoniac Ilie Nastase, Connors and Borg were a pair of exorcists as well, their energetic performances serving to rid the Open of some of its most distasteful moments.

This was the year of the changing of the administrative guard at Forest Hills. The USTA had stripped its popular tournament director, Billy Talbert, of most of his duties, so Talbert had resigned. A marketing firm, Capital Sports Inc., had been brought in to make improvements and the esteemed referee, Mike Blanchard, was named tournament chairman.

Normally this kind of alteration elicits well-deserved yawns from everybody but the bottom-liners. However, in this case, what the transition meant to the public included more restrooms and water fountains, a new walkway from the stadium to the clubhouse, fewer courtside commercial interruptions and a glorious new public food tent featuring such culinary treats as quiche, cheesecake and strawberries and Devonshire cream "direct from the Bronx," as Blanchard put it.

The administrative shakeup hardly could be blamed for some of the chaos. Nevertheless, as soon as the tournament began peculiar things started happening.

Harold Solomon, 10th seed in the

*Last year's champion, Manuel Orantes, battled Borg for five sets before running out of steam*





*Every court's a stage for Ilie Nastase, and his bad acting cost him a fine and suspension*

men's division, was upset in the first round after which he complained he should have been granted an extra day's rest following his exhausting loss to Borg in the final at the U.S. Pro Championships two nights earlier. Then the Dynamic Defector, Martina Navratilova, third seed of the women, was upset in the first round and complained she shouldn't have had to play on a wet court after sitting around all day. The ex-Czech's postmatch breakdown in which she sobbed violently all the way to the dressing room was the first absolutely pitiful scene at the Open. But not the last.

Oh, there were some basic early surprises: the usual NCAA champion upsetting the fourth-seeded international clay-court heartthrob, in this case young Billy Scanlon of Trinity University and Dallas, who beat Adriano Panatta of Rome, 6–3, 7–6; the average obscure Rhodesian defeating the dashing Mexican Davis Cup hero, in this case Colin Dowdeswell, who stung Raul Ramirez 6–4, 6–4; and the famous big-serve grass specialist rapidly playing himself out of tennis and into a successful TV announcing career, in this case Arthur Ashe, who lost to Jan Kodes.

Ashe won only three games in two sets while being knocked around by Kodes, the most recent installment of a disastrous five-month stretch in which he has not made a quarterfinal. "I don't have a chance on this surface," Ashe said in a familiar litany, "I'm too old to change my game. I'd like to be reborn a European."

All of this set the stage for a volatile European who sometimes acts as if he has already been reborn as a vampire.

The mercurial Nastase had been harmless enough up to the first Friday of the tournament—playing games against ball boys after an opponent's default, wandering through the crowd munching hamburgers, dropping his pants when a female journalist was permitted in the players' lounge. Charming stuff like that. But then it happened.

In a second-round encounter with Hans-Jurgen Pohmann of West Germany under a glorious late-summer sky, Nastase exploded when a spectator made an "out" call during a point that Pohmann won in the first-set tie-break. Nastase protested, then won the replayed point as well as the set to the extreme displeasure of the more than 12,000 fans in the main stadium.

In the second set, after Nastase bitterly complained about another line call, his battle with the crowd was joined. Nastase spit, shouted obscenities, made vulgar gestures and swung his racket at photographers. In turn, the crowd cursed back, applauded his errors, screeched his service motion apart and threw tennis balls on the court.

Later, serving to even the match at 6-all in the third set, the gritty Pohmann was stricken with cramps and fell down three times. Umpire George Armstrong mistakenly called for a doctor (the rule book prohibits a player from receiving aid for injury from natural causes), whereupon Nastase screamed, "Is not football. No time-outs."

As the match roared to its conclusion, Nastase screamed and ranted at everything and everybody. He saved two match points, Pohmann saved four, before succumbing to a volley. Afterward, in slow succession, Pohmann refused to shake Nastase's hand, Nastase spit at him and called him bad things. Armstrong refused to shake Nastase's hand. Nastase swung his racket at the umpire and called *him* bad things. Nastase threatened his audience, and spectators had to be restrained from attacking him.

"Blank you, Hitler," Ilie screamed at Pohmann in the locker room.

"It is animal. Blank you, animal," Pobmann screamed right back. Nastase shoved his opponent and Pohmann threatened to sue. Bystanders broke up the fight.

If the disgraceful episode proved anything it was how woefully inadequate both the rules and their enforcement

*continued*



*An off-form Goolagong was no match for Evert.*

**FOREST HILLS** *continued*

have become in big-time tennis. While Nastase probably should have been disqualified several times during the match (after the Open the ILTF imposed a 21-day suspension and the tournament committee fined him $1,000), so, too, should Pohmann have been defaulted for receiving medical aid.

"Three times I knock him out," Nastase said of his own passing shots, "but the umpire does nothing. Doctor come out as if Pohmann dead in a box and still they help him so he can run like crazy. If I delay minute, I'm cheater. If I breathe too much, crowd go crazy."

And so it seemed. For the next few days Forest Hills galleries treated Nastase as if he had stolen a bus and driven their children to Chowchilla.

The vigilante atmosphere was so obviously unfair it succeeded in arousing sympathetic responses for Nastase even from some fellow players, a turn of emotion previously believed impossible.

Before their third-round match Marty Riessen stood with Nastase under the marquee, listened to the rumbling of the crowd and said, "God, it's like the bullring. They're waiting for the kill."

Following Nastase's five-set victory over Roscoe Tanner, the loser paid tribute to his opponent's manners. "Ilie didn't pull anything," he said, "but with an audience like that I understand why he acts the way he does."

And Vitas Gerulaitis said, "If Nastase wins this tournament against these crowds, it will be the most monumental accomplishment in tennis."

A more serious problem was that the Nastase syndrome was spreading like brushfire through the tournament. From the moment Nastase and Pohmann walked off the court, the U.S. Open started falling apart. Crowds grew loud and ill-tempered. Umpires and linesmen were either intimidated or power-hungry. Players admitted to paranoia over line calls and rules. Everywhere one looked, there was trouble.

Vitas Gerulaitis called an umpire a "dummy" in the midst of his defeat by Connors, and was reprimanded. Kodes held up a match with Frew McMillan for a full five minutes to protest a line call, and later blamed *his* defeat by Connors on a bad call.

Among the women, Kerry Reid was defaulted by an official after only 20 seconds of nursing a sore ankle. Even such stalwart sportsmen as Guillermo Vilas and Borg were seen traipsing all the way around the net and deep into their opponent's territory to point out a ball mark to a line judge, a rare action indeed.

"It's the influence of team tennis," said Gerulaitis. "The crowd yells, groans, boos, participates. The lines people are shellshocked by the Nastase thing. They're too nervous to be forceful. The players have to protect themselves."

Charles Hare, the tournament referee who admitted he erred in not taking quicker action against Nastase, spent the remainder of the week watching Nastase's matches from the window of a small green shack in the northeast corner of the stadium. "This is not the jungle," he said. "I'm not going to be the guy to let the players take control. There will be no anarchy here, no riots."

It was indicative of the wackiness of the whole affair that events were put into perspective by, of all people, Connors. "We *are* professionals," he said. "The crowd must be allowed to participate." When asked exactly why Forest Hills patrons sounded like a Yankee Stadium mob reacting to Billy Martin kicking dirt on Nestor Chylak, Connors said simply, "New Yorkers want blood."

One curly-haired fellow New Yorkers also wanted was the defending champion, Manuel Orantes, who, since his memorable victory over Connors last September, had managed to lose a Vegas challenge match, damage his confidence, destroy his arm and get himself seeded sixth, possibly the lowest spot for a defender in history.

Nevertheless the Catalonian was as cheerful as ever, exposing his enormous thighs, flashing his equally enormous teeth and displaying the easy chips and spins that will keep him around soft-court events forever. It was suddenly last summer, too, when Orantes rallied from two sets behind to defeat Stan Smith, then came from 0–4 in the fourth to draw even with Borg in the quarterfinals.

Everybody remembered how Orantes beat Vilas in last year's semis from 0–5 and five match points down, but as Orantes pointed out, "Borg, he is different story. You look on his face for some emotion and there is nothing."

Indeed, with his cold, relentless hammering, spiced by a few of Manolo's own pet drop shots, Borg outlasted Orantes 4–6, 6–0, 6–2, 5–7, 6–4 in the tournament's most riveting competition before the final.

That match set up what should have been some afternoon delights at Forest Hills on Saturday, including the men's semis—Connors against Vilas and Borg against Nastase—as well as the women's final between Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong.

Why it turned into a Dog Day Afternoon of three awful mismatches was not all that difficult to comprehend. First, Connors, who had not played Vilas in four years, is the type who warms to such challenging occasions, especially against a topspin foe who lives on the baseline playing defense all day and whose heart for battle has always been questioned.

On the first point Jimbo came out slugging to wear down Vilas' looming backswing. From their respective positions Connors could hit winners, Vilas could not. Connors so dominated his left-handed counterpart that Vilas reached break point only once on Connors' serve and never did break through. The scores were 6–4, 6–2, 6–1. "Is impossible for player to play so good so long," Vilas said. "If player hitting 200 mph at you, can't hit 400 mph back."

Borg, too, settled matters early with Nastase, much the way he had in their Wimbledon final, *i.e.*, by beating Nastase to death on iron will alone. For once the crowd was fair to Nastase, with a majority even on his side. But there was a swirling wind on the court, just enough to shake his fragile psyche. More important, Nastase, normally a wise tactician, had no idea how to cope with this year's Borg.

In the wind, Nastase's topspin flew

over the baseline and his slices were short and wide. Nastase tried everything at the end, even comedy, by dropping a ball from between his legs onto the court. Borg looked up and gave a hint of a smile. Then the ice kid turned his back and thrashed Nastase 6–3, 6–3, 6–4.

Later Connors, perhaps taking a cue from Borg, who is six years his junior, retained his tournament-long attitude: sober, business-like and, in fact, all grown up until somebody mentioned 1975 and his failures in the finals of major championships. That struck a nerve. "If you're going to bring up '75, why don't you bring up '74 when I was the greatest player of all time?" he snapped back. "Anyway, who wouldn't take my year in '75?"

Well, Evert for one. She won her first Forest Hills then. And she won her second last week. In truth, Evert may win 10 more Forest Hills before a young lady from California named Tracy Austin is old enough to take the Open from her.

Plain, cold numbers are sufficient to explain how thoroughly Evert commanded the field which turned up to watch her inexorable march toward 101 consecutive clay court victories. Evert won her six matches by a score of 72–13. It took her 302 minutes to win the 30-grand first prize, which is almost $100 a minute. She gave up 188 points, or 15 points a set. She was given a cake after winning her 100th straight. She was given a floral arrangement after beating a horribly off-form Evonne Goolagong 6–3, 6–0 in the final. Nobody gave Evert what she deserved, though, which is simply enough credit.

"I was spacey out there all week," she said. Which was another way of explaining she was in "the zone," that vague and wonderful area players talk about where everything one hits is a winner.

After each slaughter Chris also said "this is not an indication of a talent gap" and everybody had a good laugh about that. But was it so funny? Or is women's tennis in trouble?

If Dr. Renee Richards' legacy to the game is the sex test, Chris Evert's legacy is the talent gap. It is hardly Evert's fault that she is so much better than everybody else. But it is time to break up Chris Evert. The women need somebody. Maybe that is why Billie Jean King confirmed last week that she will start playing singles in tournaments again this fall. Congratulations for now, Chris. But here come de judge. END



*Because she is so much better than the rest of the women, it may be time to break up Chris Evert*



# THE A'S PUT ON A BURST OF SPEED

*The stars are unsigned and unhappy, and the owner says he'd like to take a whack at DH, but despite such bizarre circumstances, Oakland is fast enough on the base paths to be making a serious late run at Kansas City* **by Ron Fimrite**

Measured against even their own Dickensian standards for adversity, this has scarcely been a salubrious season for the Oakland A's. Granted, the clubhouse brawls have been no more frequent than in any elementary school playground, and the team owner, Ebenezer O Scrooge, has not yet fired any of his players outright. But suffice it to say of the 1976 A's that nobody else in baseball has known the trouble they've seen. Gene Tenace, the catcher whose eight years of service with the club have made him a connoisseur of such matters, commented only last week that "things have been tougher this year than ever before." *That* is saying something.

So what in all damnation, then, were the A's doing in the thick of the race for the championship of the American League West, menacing the front-running Kansas City Royals, scratching and clawing their way toward what could be a sixth straight divisional title? Tenace explains: "We have too much pride to let anything keep us down. We're a special breed. We're winners. People like us don't come along every day."

The A's, of course, have more working for them than their honor and reputation. In Vida Blue and Mike Torrez they have two of the top late-season pitchers and they have a better running attack than the Pittsburgh Steelers. If the A's keep stealing bases at their present pace, they will soon become the most larcenous team in baseball history. When Campy Campaneris stole second in the sixth inning of last Saturday night's defeat of the Texas Rangers, it was the team's 311th theft of the season, which moved the A's into third place on the post-1900 stolen-base list, ahead of the 1910 Cincinnati Reds. Only the 1912 Giants (319 steals) and the 1911 Giants (347) have stolen more.

It will be observed that the records the A's are breaking were set more than 60 years ago, before the name of the game became long ball. In truth, the A's are *not* really playing modern baseball. Though they have occasional power, they hit pretty much like the deadballers of antiquity. Their collective batting average of .246 is only 10th in the league, but they are fifth in runs scored. They score, as it were, on the ground. Six A's—Billy North (68), Campaneris (53), Don Baylor (47), Phil Garner (33), Claudell Washington (32) and Larry Lintz (30)—have accounted for more than 25 steals apiece.

As in that other sport played this time of year, the running game opens up many other avenues of attack. Almost all of the A's keep stealing bases at their present pace, they will soon become the most larcenous team in baseball history. When Campy Campaneris stole second in the sixth inning of last Saturday night's defeat of the Texas Rangers, it was the team's 311th theft of the season, which moved the A's into third place on the post-1900 stolen-base list, ahead of the 1910 Cincinnati Reds. Only the 1912 Giants (319 steals) and the 1911 Giants (347) have stolen more.

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As in that other sport played this time of year, the running game opens up many other avenues of attack. Almost all of the [illegible] firm Willie McCovey (newly acquired from San Diego) and the slow-footed Ken McMullen, are threats to steal. Even Joe Rudi, whose six steals barely qualify him for the relay team, draws throws to first base, as if, as Manager Chuck Tanner says, "he was Maury Wills."

No defender can safely relax when the A's are on the track. Saturday night's narrow but vital 1–0 win over the Rangers was not the direct result of a steal but of the threat of one. With one out in the eighth, Garner doubled down the left-field line. Calculating that he would be taking the usual huge A's lead, Ranger Shortstop Toby Harrah edged toward second to intimidate further progress. As he did so, Bill North stroked a soft ground ball into the area he vacated. Harrah could not reach the ball in time to toss out the speedy North, nor could he catch Garner running safely to third, from which point he scored on Campaneris' sacrifice fly. Torrez, meanwhile, did his part by pitching his third consecutive

*Lintz, new member of the A's base-stealing squad, swipes second in a victory over the White Sox*

shutout and running his string of scoreless innings to 37.

The A's realized earlier in the day that they would have to win this game to stay close to Kansas City. From their Dallas hotel rooms they had watched the slumping Royals pull out an 8–6 victory over Minnesota on Amos Otis' three-run, ninth-inning homer. It was bad enough that the Royals had won, but the way they did it was alarming. Would Famous Amos' clout provide the spiritual lift Kansas City seemed so desperately to need? "We're playing like we're scared to win," Royals Manager Whitey Herzog had said earlier in the week.

Indeed, before Saturday's heroics, the Royals had lost 10 of their previous 12 games, a backward charge that brought them nearly abreast of their pursuers. The collapse was not as disastrous as it might have been, because the A's themselves had been playing only .500 baseball since mid-August. Still, early last week Oakland trailed by just five games, after having been 12 behind on Aug. 6.

At that juncture, however, a somewhat ludicrous *pas de deux* began. On Wednesday, the A's had a glorious opportunity to gain a game, the Royals having already lost to the Angels, but Oakland blew a 5–0 first inning lead and lost to Chicago 6–5. Partners, resume your positions. On Friday in Texas, with the Royals losing 18–3 to the Twins, the A's broke up a pitching duel between Blue and Bert Blyleven with successive 10th-inning homers by Campaneris and Baylor. They entered the bottom of the 10th ahead 4–2, with Blue apparently in command and the demon reliever Rollie Fingers at the ready. Blue had allowed but two earned runs in his last four starts and had completed seven of his last eight games. Fingers, in the wings, had four wins and six saves in his last 16 games. Alas, Blue gave up three hits and a run and Fingers, his successor, allowed two more runs, the winning one scoring on a long fly ball to center that North, playing shallow, reached but could not hold. Back to position one. Same thing after Saturday. And there was still no change after both clubs won on Sunday.

The two teams still have six games to play against one another, three each in Kansas City and Oakland. "It will all come down to those games," predicts Tanner, whose deserved reputation for affability has been sorely tested this chaotic season. "I like to break the season down into thirds. Any team will have a problem in at least one of those thirds. We had ours in the first two thirds. The Royals are having theirs in the last third."

The Royals' problems have at least been confined to the diamond, Oakland's have led them into court and the infirmary. The team has played the season with six unsigned players—Tenace, Sal Bando, Campaneris, Rudi, Fingers and Baylor—and McCovey now makes a seventh. None of them expects to be in an Oakland uniform next year. Back in June, after Commissioner Bowie Kuhn vetoed Charlie Finley's multimillion-dollar plan to sell Fingers and Rudi to Boston and Blue to the Yankees, the three missed 12 days in legal limbo.

It can only be speculated where the A's might be today if their stars had been in the lineup then or where they might be if they had not lost Tenace, Rudi again, Washington and Pitcher Paul Mitchell to injuries for periods ranging from two to five weeks. Then there is the Finley Factor. On Sept. 1, with his A's gaining on the Royals, Charles O. opened negotiations with the Rangers for the sale of Bando. This, his stunned players concluded, was hardly the act of a man in pursuit of a pennant. He was destroying the team even as it was pulling itself together. Bristling at such criticism last week, Finley announced that it was *he* who had rejected the Rangers' reported offer of $500,000 for Bando, and that it was *he* who requested that a hearing in federal court in Chicago on his suit against Kuhn (which might have kept the three players in question out of the lineup again) be postponed until after the season. The records show only that the judge continued the Kuhn case. In the Bando matter, Rangers' General Manager Danny O'Brien remains under the impression that it was *he* who turned down the Bando deal because the player's salary demands were too high.

Anyway, Finley has lately come out four-square for his players, announcing last week that he would be prepared to take the field himself as a designated hitter. The proposal prompted Fingers to regret anew that he was not wearing some other uniform. "You can bet," said he, "that I wouldn't walk him."

Sadly, if the A's do not catch the Royals this year, it is unlikely they will be catching anyone for many seasons to come. Gone already from a team that had won three consecutive World Series are Catfish Hunter, Reggie Jackson and Ken Holtzman. Soon to be gone are Rudi, Fingers, Campaneris, Tenace and Bando. Survivors, such as North and Washington, now refer to themselves as "The Last of the A's."

"It would have been nice to have kept everybody together," says Tenace. "We knew each other so well. There was always something standing in our way, but we always overcame it. But now...." **END**



*"Famous Amos" (26) saved a game for the Royals with a ninth inning homer against the Twins*

# YOU NEED A T.D. IN SOUTH BEND

*According to the saying, that's what a visiting team needs just to get even in the clamorous confines of Notre Dame Stadium. According to Pitt Coach Johnny Majors, one T.D. is all you will ever need if it's Tony Dorsett* **by John Underwood**

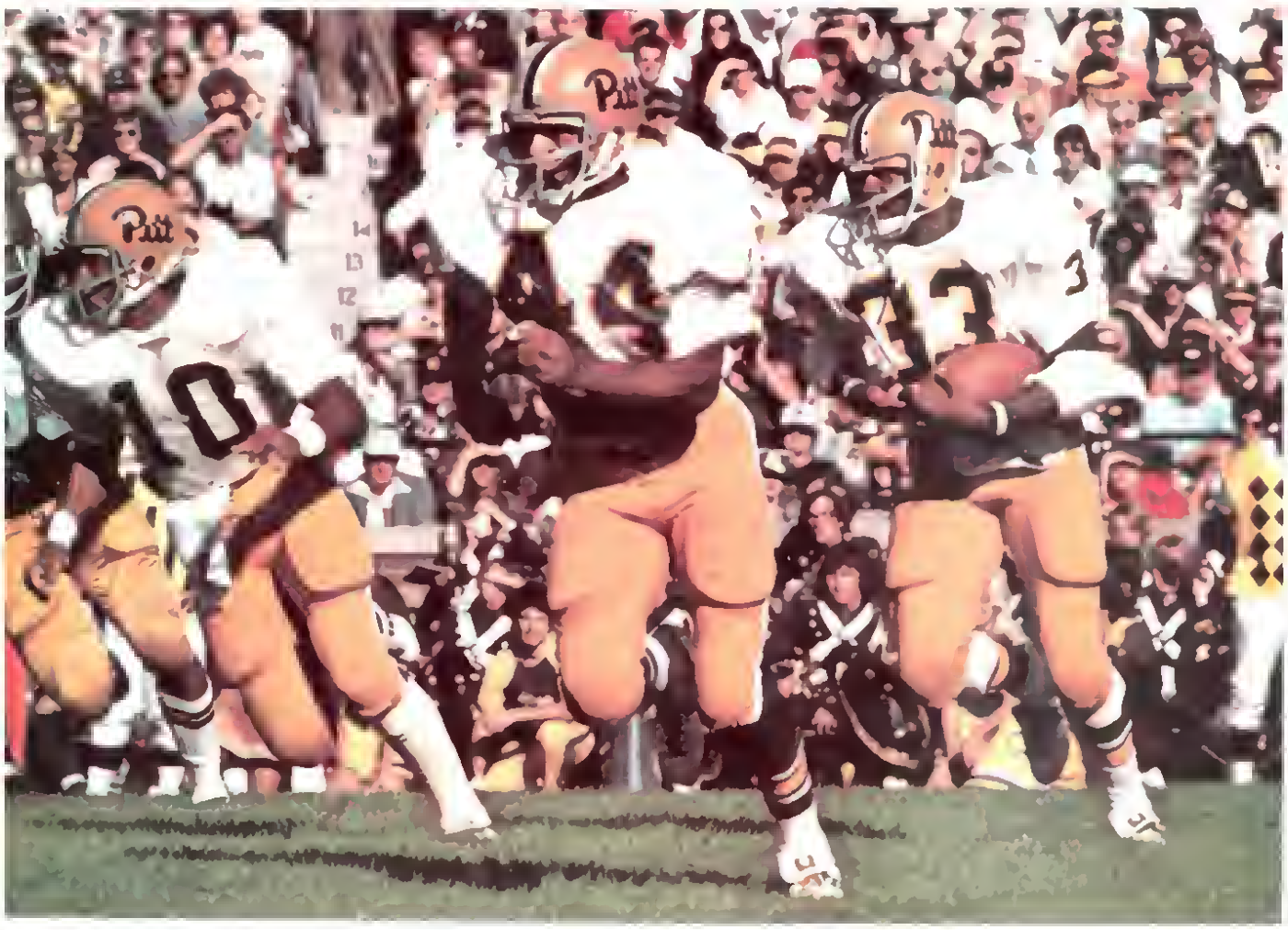
It was there, among all that flying toilet paper, in front of all those crumbling human pyramids, on the same night and on the same stage that yielded the incongruous sight of Coach Dan Devine dancing with a facsimile leprechaun (the leprechaun wasn't incongruous, Devine's dancing was, condemned men don't dance), that Paul Hornung promised to "jump out of the press box if No. 33 of Pittsburgh" gained 200 yards against the Irish the next day. In the heat of the moment, this burst of confidence by the once and always Golden Boy of Notre Dame was cheered lustily by the pep rallyers crammed into Stepan Center. Had they given it any thought, however, they would have had to agree it was pretty funny. Notre Dame willing to concede 199 yards to one back in one game is not what you call a usual concession to make to anyone who invades South Bend with a football under his arm.

Except, of course, that the No. 33 in question is Anthony Drew (Tony) Dorsett. T. D. Dorsett. Dorsett the Hawk. Next Heisman Trophy Winner Dorsett. In the history of Notre Dame football it is not likely that any one player ever struck such terror in so many Irish hearts or clouded up so many Irish eyes. "Nightmares" is what Defensive End Willie Fry says Dorsett has caused at Notre Dame since 1973.

For current reality, only Paul Hornung can say how moist his palms got the next day, sitting up there trying to put some color in the Irish's own network telecast. But it is good to report that the 59,075 fans at Notre Dame Stadium, though a considerably more subdued mob than the one of the night before, were at least spared the sight of a plummeting Golden Boy. Notre Dame rose up and held Dorsett to 181 yards in 22 carries. Or little more than eight a try. Imagine. It helped that Dorsett was allowed to sit out Pitt's last two possessions, his presence not being necessary to assure the Panthers' 31–10 victory.

On a weekend of crash-diving superpowers (*page 43*), Notre Dame's magnificent depression and first opening-game loss in 13 years was not in itself the surprise it might have been. The surprise was that they had been at this same corner before, knew the license of the

*Dorsett (33) came to South Bend as Public Enemy No. 1 and after he rushed for 181 yards in Pitt's 31–10 win he was Heisman candidate No. 1*



truck that wrecked them and still couldn't keep from being run over.

Devine said beforehand that the Irish had painstakingly reviewed last year's pain-making Dorsett films (a record 303 yards against Notre Dame at Pittsburgh on AstroTurf), and, among other things, put in enough tucks and folds on defense to offer Pitt "about 10 new looks." Not all just for Dorsett, but with him in mind. "We will be more aggressive," Devine said, "and less passive," and, by going through blocks rather than line gaps, Notre Dame hoped to force early pitchouts and keep Dorsett from getting outside.

To put the players in the right mood, the Irish coaches then took them to a private showing of *The Longest Yard*, a picture Linebacker Doug Becker said he could identify with because it shows ex-Green Bay Packer Ray Nitschke, as a prison guard, ramming his head through a wall. Becker said he could hardly wait to get at Pittsburgh for ruining the Notre Dame season a year ago (the 34–20 defeat was the Irish's third and made them so blue they spurned a certain Cotton Bowl bid), and that he was playing his favorite inspirational record for the occasion: George C. Scott's rendition of a George Patton speech. Becker said he particularly liked the part where Patton advised the troops to "grab 'em by the nose and kick 'em in the ass."

With gung-ho guys like Becker and Fry around, and talent galore, Devine said he believed he had "as good a defense as anybody in the country." He admitted to having added to it by robbing such players as Safety Jim Browner and Cornerback Ted Burgmeier from the Irish offense. When Pitt Coach Johnny Majors saw the length of the grass on the Notre Dame field on Friday afternoon, he said he thought the Irish might have added a little something there, too, in preparing for Dorsett. Majors said he had been in "Iowa cornfields that were shorter than this." He was told the field had been cut on Thursday. Keith Jackson of ABC said it was what opponents of Southern Cal used to call "The O. J. Simpson Cut." Which is to say, the lawnmower was not worn out.

Naturally, or otherwise, nothing Notre Dame had or did mattered a great deal, except in the comparative sense (181 yards is bad enough, but 303 is a trip). Dorsett ran through grasping linebackers and undulating blades of grass with equal dispatch, inside and out, making breathtaking cuts—some he made *after* he had been hit—and getting the most from Pitt's excellent downfield blocking. The only time he was really stopped was when he took himself out of the game with leg cramps. He said later that he had worn a pair of elbow pads around his knees, "the kind [Quarterback Bob] Haygood wears, white and streamlined. They look pretty, but they were too tight on me. I had 'em cut off."

Dorsett's first run was a 61-yarder and came as an immediate rebuff of an 86-yard game-opening Notre Dame touchdown drive that, as it turned out, was all the real driving the Irish did. It was a simple dive play that Dorsett broke to the outside, from where the view suddenly improved, offering great possibilities. "I was trucking, and I had so many blockers they got in the way." He said it was "the kind of thing that builds my confidence. I'd read a lot about how Notre Dame was going to stop me, and here they were grabbing at me, and I was motoring and thinking to myself, 'Wow, maybe I *will* get 300 again.' Notre Dame has the big-name advantage, but it didn't scare me, and it didn't scare Pitt. If you let me get that kind of confidence, I'm really going to come at you."

By the time he had carried eight times, Dorsett had 110 yards. He never broke another long one, but his runs set up all but one Pittsburgh score. He had never had a better opening day (another negative statistic for the beleaguered Devine to toy with) and is now so close to Archie Griffin's alltime rushing record—5,177 to 4,315 yards—that he could probably get it on his knees and still rise in time to accept the Heisman.

Such would be the kind of fitting denouement long-suffering (but not always patient) Panther fans have come to think of as their due since the fortuitous casting of former All-America Back Johnny Majors as head coach four years ago—and the coming of Dorsett.

The Pittsburgh job was "the last one" Majors had thought he would ever want. Having decided in 1972 that he had taken Iowa State as far as he could, and being anxious to go further himself, Majors put an ear up. A single-wing tailback at Tennessee who had finished second to Hornung in the 1956 Heisman

*continued*



*When Dorsett sat down, Pitt's defense was ready to rip. Here Randy Holloway tears into Rick Slager.*

Trophy balloting, he naturally inclined it to the South to catch the vibrations of a big football school. When the Pitt job opened—it seems to have been perpetually open since Jock Sutherland left in 1938—he wasn't flattered to be called but sent his lawyer-brother Joe to investigate. Joe told him he "better come look into this."

Majors coached his final game for Iowa State in the 1972 Liberty Bowl on a Monday night, announced his new job in Pittsburgh on Tuesday afternoon and on Tuesday night was in Aliquippa, Pa. meeting Tony Dorsett for the first time. Majors has been influencing people and making friends ever since. In Pittsburgh you can scarcely bat an eye or turn a knob without catching his act. He has his own TV show, which is syndicated in three states, pregame and postgame radio shows, does television ads for Chrysler and has a twice-weekly radio show called *Majors in Motion*. A slim, sandy-haired man of 41, with a trim figure and facial characteristics remarkably similar to those of Gene Littler, the pro golfer, Majors does not come on nearly so strong in private. In his suburban home in Fox Chapel he has a nice-sized collection of books he has actually read ("At least the first 40 pages"), will shoot pool or play some tennis and has not cluttered the premises with the usual coach's memorabilia—trophies, framed game pictures blown up into oversized fuzziness, painted footballs, etc.

But on the job, says Pitt Publicist Dean Billick, "the Coach makes my job easier because unlike Chuck Noll [of the Steelers], who will do almost none of these things, Majors is an extrovert, an image man who's always out front." After the Notre Dame game, Majors was in the locker room doing his postgame radio show in the nude, telling his audience he was "more confident before this game than any I've had as a head coach."

Dorsett, of course, makes both Billick's and Majors' jobs even easier. A highly approachable 21-year-old who wants to be a sportscaster, Dorsett says he "likes to be interviewed" because "it makes me feel like somebody." He made himself so accessible the week before the Notre Dame game that he chalked up 21 interviews in a day and a half. He even answered calls at one in the morning. Alarmed, Majors put an embargo on player interviews for the rest of the week.

Dorsett was cornered in a car on the way to the airport after the game. He wore a handsome three-piece double-knit suit with matching green shoes and two necklaces—one beaded, one a chain. He said he made up his mind to be a great football player when he saw his dad come out of the steel mill in Aliquippa one day covered with grime. (It was his father, he said, who nicknamed him Hawk—or rather Hawkeye, but his teammates have contracted it—because of his wide-set eyes.) He said he had gotten off to a slow start: he was cut by a midget league football team when he was 12 because "they told me I was too small."

When Majors recruited him, Dorsett weighed 157 pounds—"and I think the coach was giving me something." Last year he played at 182 and is now up to 192. He said he used to be six feet tall, too, but lost an inch "taking all that pounding." He appears now to be a union of two different bodies—a smaller one from the chest down, a larger one with knotty muscles and a thick, yokelike neck from the chest up.

Though unmarried, Dorsett proudly claims fathering a 3-year-old boy named Anthony by his high school sweetheart. When approached on the matter recently by a UPI reporter, Dorsett said he had "waited two years for somebody to ask me that." Anthony, he said, was born on Sept. 15, 1973—the same day he kicked off his college career with 101 yards against Georgia. Until the boy's mother moved out of state taking little Anthony with her, Dorsett would bring the youngster to Pitt practices and into the locker room and sometimes to class with him.

While Dorsett piled up yards and put on weight, Majors made other significant changes in the Pitt program. He yanked the Panthers out of a so-called "big four" agreement with Penn State, Syracuse and West Virginia, one which stipulated that those schools would play with fewer scholarships than the NCAA norm and would prohibit redshirting. He also got extensive physical improvements (locker rooms, weight rooms, etc.) From 1–10 in 1972 the Panthers have gone 21–13–1 in three seasons. And instead of drawing 19,000 fans a game, they average 42,000. They will be on television twice this year.

At first look, what would naturally impress an old Pitt fan is the splendidly efficient, highly productive veer offense Majors uses and how exciting its stars are. The other running back, Elliott Walker, for example, played hurt against Notre Dame. "But when he's right," says Dorsett, "he'll break your back, same as me." But even more impressive against Notre Dame—neither offense actually made much of a stir after the first quarter—was the Pittsburgh defense. This previously undistinguished group was a swarming, stifling force, continually harrying Irish Quarterback Rick Slager and making life so miserable for his receivers that they coughed up one pass after another.

The throbbing heart of the defense was the very center of its line—Tackles Randy Holloway, a 6′ 6″ 242-pounder, Don Parrish, 6′ 6″, 248, and 6′ 3″, 235-pound Middle Guard Al Romano. These were

*continued*




*Since Majors has been at Pitt, the number 33 has been the correct answer to most of his problems*



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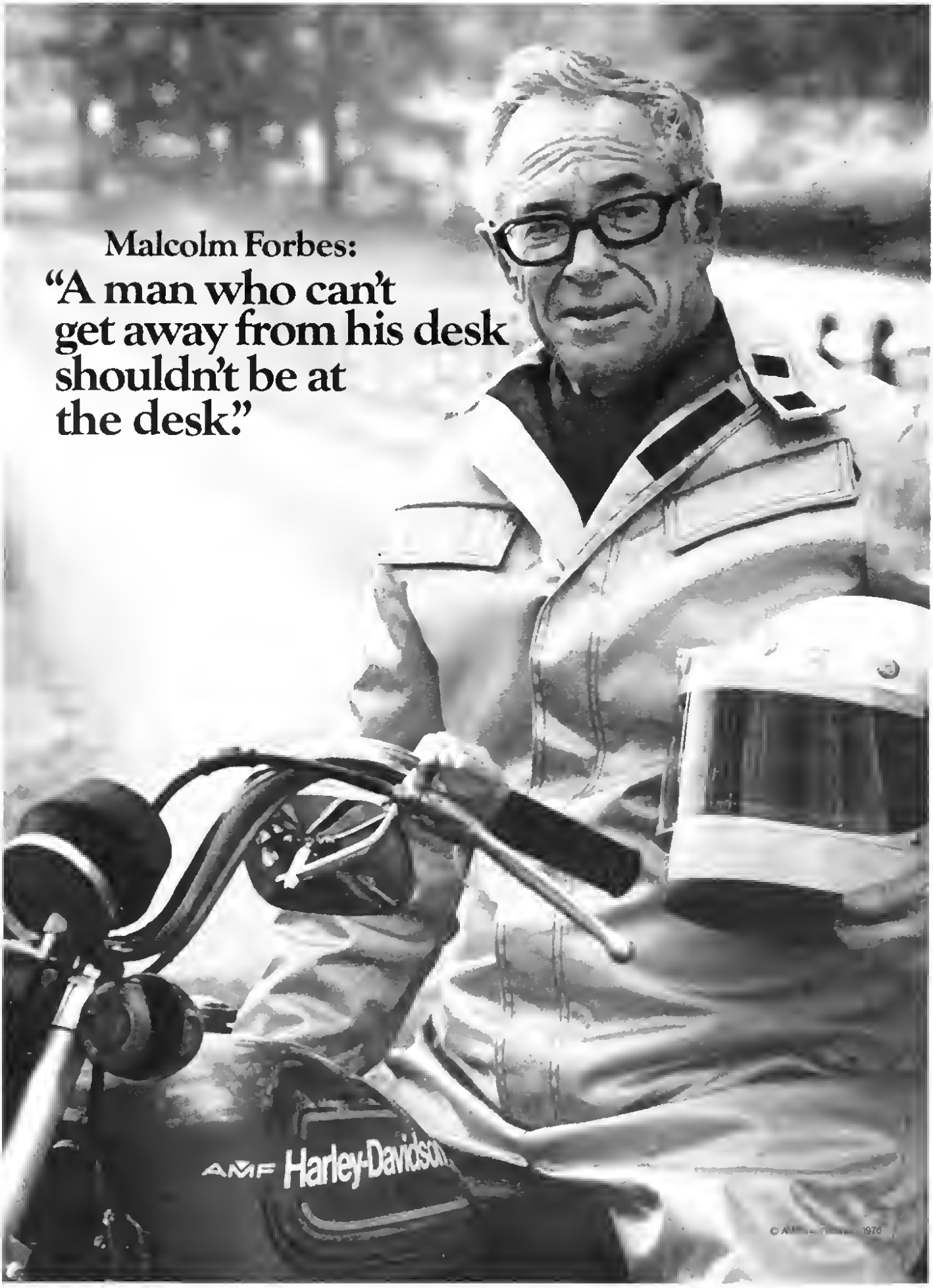
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**A.** It's a form of therapy. Few people can keep at the same thing day in and day out. You need a mental and physical change. Recreation is not only enjoyable, it's essential.

**Q.** Some people say they simply cannot get away.

**A.** They're either kidding themselves or they're very poor executives. At FORBES, the true test of an executive is not only what happens while he's there, but also while he's *not* there.

**Q.** How about just lying around? Isn't that change enough?

**A.** No. The mind never rests. You need to occupy it with something new, or it will go on thinking about the job. Play tennis. Golf. Ride a motorcycle. Something with interest, something competitive. It'll help your work.

**Q.** How?

**A.** Recreation is a *requisite* for work. At FORBES, we have a recreation program. We have a full-time gym and a paddle tennis court. Our people are urged to use them *on company time*.

**Q.** Why?

**A.** They come back refreshed, with a better perspective. Recreation and work are concomitants.

**Q.** What do you advise for us who don't work at FORBES?

**A.** Make it happen on your own. Recognize that recreation is necessary and useful. Look at it this way: Work is earning a living—recreation is the living you've earned. One who never learns to enjoy recreation is living very little.

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the three who grabbed noses and kicked rear ends. Arms flailing like giant birds, they intimidated the younger, inexperienced Notre Dame linemen and applied so much pressure that the Pitt ends and linebackers were free to play soft and help in other areas.

Pitt people like to point out how handsome Romano is—an Omar Sharif lookalike with flashing eyes and a black mustache. "A sweetheart," they say. Holloway they characterize as more the King Kong type. He already weighs 14 pounds more than his program weight, and his coaches figure he will be 260 before long. "Eat," they tell him. "Eat."

It was Parrish, however, who threatened the smallish Rick Slager and forced his pass awry and turned the game around with the score tied 7–7 in the second quarter. Pitt Cornerback LeRoy Felder picked off the wobbling ball on the Irish 30 and ran it back to the two, setting up what turned out to be the deciding touchdown. Slager, hard-pressed to see over the smothering rush of Holloway and Romano, threw a second interception on his next passing attempt to set up still another Pitt touchdown. Thereafter the Irish had to play catch-up, and it is a game they are not yet ready for.

The quality of play diminished markedly after the first quarter, lapsing into a series of fumbles, penalties and passes that fluttered and were dropped and a punt that went straight up. Part of this was attributable to the ferocity of the defensive unit (Pitt obviously knows how to stick a head through a wall, too).

Moreover, what was already apparent about the Pitt offense, and in particular Tony Dorsett, was made even clearer by what happened on this bright, sunny day in South Bend. What Dorsett now represents to the Pitt team is a possible ticket to the very top. Well, why not? With all those giants having taken headers, somebody has to make a claim.

Johnny Majors was standing on the field last Friday with a group of friends when a reporter from Iowa asked Mrs. Majors who she thought was the best tailback of all time. Mary Lynn Majors put her finger to her chin for a moment and, obviously thinking about Johnny, said, "It depends on what formation you're talking about."

"Don't let her kid you," said Majors. "There's only one answer to that question. Number 33." **END**


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**A real-estate agent and ham salesman named Larry Luebbers, who once quit the seminary so he could listen to Reds games, went to old Crosley Field looking for souvenirs and wound up with most of the park**

# RIGHT THERE IN HIS OWN BACKYARD

*by* ROY BONGARTZ

Crosley Field was the smallest baseball park in the major leagues, but it sure looks big in Larry Luebbers' backyard. When the Cincinnati Reds moved from Crosley to the new Riverfront Stadium in 1970, the old field on Western Avenue was set for the wrecker's ball until Luebbers showed up with the idea of buying a couple of the seats as souvenirs. "I got started and I just couldn't get stopped," he says cheerfully as he sits at his kitchen table sipping a beer and gazing out through the sliding glass doors at Crosley Field—or, at least, a substantial portion of it—reincarnated. There is the ticket office with the sign BOX SEATS $3.00 RESERVED GRANDSTAND $2.50. There is the bat rack from which Johnny Bench and Pete Rose chose their weapons. There is the left-field line precisely 328 feet long and the right-field line stretching 366 feet to the foul pole. And there, in the distance, is the terrace that slopes up to a height of four feet and used to throw visiting outfielders off balance, causing them to fall down and miss fly balls. On the left field wall, there is a billboard with a 30-foot-long Pepsi-Cola bottle on it; alongside is a huge picture of a 1970 Dodge and another vast advertisement reading WIEDEMANN BEER.

There also is the dugout from which Manager Bill McKechnie directed the Reds to the world championship in 1940. And there is the hole Birdie Tebbetts poked in the dugout wall to blow smoke through in order to beat the no-smoking rule. There is the original 60-foot flagpole and, just outside the gate, a souvenir stand advertising autographed balls for $3, history books, ties, T shirts, coolie hats, opera glasses, yearbooks, pennants, bats, badges, pins and caps, all with the big Cincinnati "C" on them. What makes the scene slightly jarring is the view of a rambling barn off to one side of the diamond and, visible through the chain link fence at the limits of the outfield, a herd of cattle grazing on a hillside. What Luebbers has done is set up Crosley Field in the middle of innocent farmland near the town of Union, Ky., about 15 miles south of Cincinnati. A good deal of it he hauled over, bit by bit, in his beat-up station wagon.

The first thing out-of-town visitors ask Luebbers, who is 35, stands 6′ 2″ and sells real estate and country hams for a living, is why he did it. Luebbers will say, "I don't really know. I guess I just wanted to." A further hint comes from Luebbers' blonde, slightly built wife Gloria, a former model who now works in Luebbers' real-estate office just down the road, except when she is preparing to give birth to another small Luebbers; there are now six, and it is no secret that Larry hopes to sire his own baseball team. Says Gloria, "If you don't like baseball




BOXES 125 · 215 · 223

around here you're in trouble." Luebbers admits that he "got carried away," but says the field is a good place for the local kids to play.

Besides spending what will probably amount to $35,000 by the time he bas finished the resurrection of Crosley Field, Luebbers also has paid $20 apiece for uniforms for the 70 local kids in the D-Minor Knothole League who use the grounds nearly every day after school and on weekends. Luebbers had to get a waiver on the league's minimum-age requirement of seven, so his 6-year-old son Larry Jr. (Lubie) could play with a team in his old man's big-league ball park. The kid has already pitched a pair of no-hitters.

Luebbers has always been a Reds fan, first as a boy in Cincinnati and later as a student at St. Pius X Seminary across the Ohio River, where he studied for the priesthood until the fifth inning of the last game in the 1961 World Series. "It was the first Reds pennant since 1940, and I was watching the game on TV," he says. "Waite Hoyt was doing the commentating, and just as Wally Post hit a homer, this priest shows up and clicks off the set and tells me to get back to my studies. Right away I thought, 'Is this my life or not?' and I walked out of there and never went back."

Soon Luebbers was pitching for Thomas More College in Covington, Ky., and later he played semipro ball in the Buckeye League, where the teams have such sponsors as Oertels 92 beer and Bavarian Breweries. "It was always in the back of my mind to get into the majors," he says. But the closest Luebbers got was a visit from a Pittsburgh Pirate scout, who watched bim give up 27 hits. Needless to say, the scout did not sign Luebbers.

In more recent years, Luebbers has pitched in softball tournaments, but the mental picture of himself swatting one over the fence in Crosley Field apparently never was erased from his mind. So when the left-field wall was finally put in place behind his house, Luebbers took Lubie out to give it a whirl. "It was almost too dark to play," he recalls, "but I wanted to be the first one to do it. Lubie gave me a nice fat pitch, and I put it right over that wall. I hit the very first home run in this place."

Putting the field into shape—an $8,500 bulldozing and landfill job to duplicate the contours of the original, installing 400 Crosley Field seats, the not-yet completed placement of the huge scoreboard with its five-foot-long second hand—has not been all beer and skittles for Luebbers and the friends he presses into service on the interminable trips back and forth over the Ohio River between Kentucky and Cincinnati. The

*continued*

Boone County zoning board questioned the erection of the scoreboard on the grounds that the laws made no provision for a monstrous lighted sign rising 55 feet into the air, but relented when Luebbers threatened to call off all the kids' ball games if he could not have his scoreboard.

Luebbers took two boys from Union to help him remove the 60-foot flagpole from Crosley, which at the time was being used as a lot for cars impounded by the Cincinnati police. "There were a lot of pretty nice cars in there," Luebbers says. He tells how the two boys mishandled the ropes on the flagpole after it had been cut free at the base. Over it went, seemingly headed directly for a neat row of car roofs. But somehow it landed smack between the autos, breaking into three pieces—it was made of cast iron—but doing no other damage. "It was a miracle," Luebbers says offhandedly, as if he might still be benefiting from some special pull he picked up at the seminary. He and the boys gathered up the pieces, stowed them in the wagon and brought them back to Union, where they were welded together. The great pole now stands in Crosley Field once more. Luebbers also had trouble with the very heavy ticket office that he wanted. He cut it in half with a chain saw and early one Sunday he and a friend loaded half of it aboard a flatbed trailer and headed for Kentucky. Because of the awkward load, it took them three hours and 20 minutes to make the 30-mile round trip, and when they got back to Crosley somebody had stolen the other half of the ticket office.

"We also had trouble with that popcorn stand," Luebbers says. A crane broke while lifting it. And when Luebbers tried to dismantle the stand with a chain saw, that broke, too. "Finally we used the headache ball and knocked the thing to pieces," he says.



Meanwhile, the mortgage holders on Luebbers' 206 acres of rolling farmland—he leases the rest of it for grazing and tobacco growing—were dubious about the value of a baseball field on their property. That is, until Luebbers was able to pay them off. Now he stands proudly at the entrance gate of the park, leaning against a post and taking in his masterpiece with serene pleasure. "You know, I wonder how it would be, selling this house and land with a major league baseball field on it," he says. "If I ever wanted to sell, well, maybe some people wouldn't appreciate having Crosley Field. Old people, maybe."

One of Luebbers' cronies, Boone County Judge Bruce Ferguson, comes up to watch the kids practice sliding into third along a very muddy base path, and he needles his friend gently. "It looks pretty good, Larry, but I think you really ought to fix it up more. You ought to touch up those billboards and I think you should have got the original grass from Cincinnati," Ferguson says. It turns out that Luebbers, who is entirely unperturbed by what anybody in Union may think of his project, has already arranged with Sweetie Meyer, a sign painter who hangs out in the Bull Pen, a tavern across the highway from the farmhouse, to work on the signs. By a coincidence, which seems typical of the scene here, Meyers painted the original advertisements some years ago at Crosley Field. And the Bull Pen was owned partly by the late Jim McGlothlin, who started the last game for the Reds at Crosley.

McGlothlin, who lived a couple of miles down the road from the new field, said in an interview before his death last year that the players were mostly interested in their new stadium back in 1970 and didn't much care that they were losing Crosley Field. "The stands were all greasy and dirty and the fences were too short," he said. Of his friend Luebbers' obsession, he said, "The kids seem to like it O.K." By and large the people of Union have taken the advent of Crosley Field

*continued*




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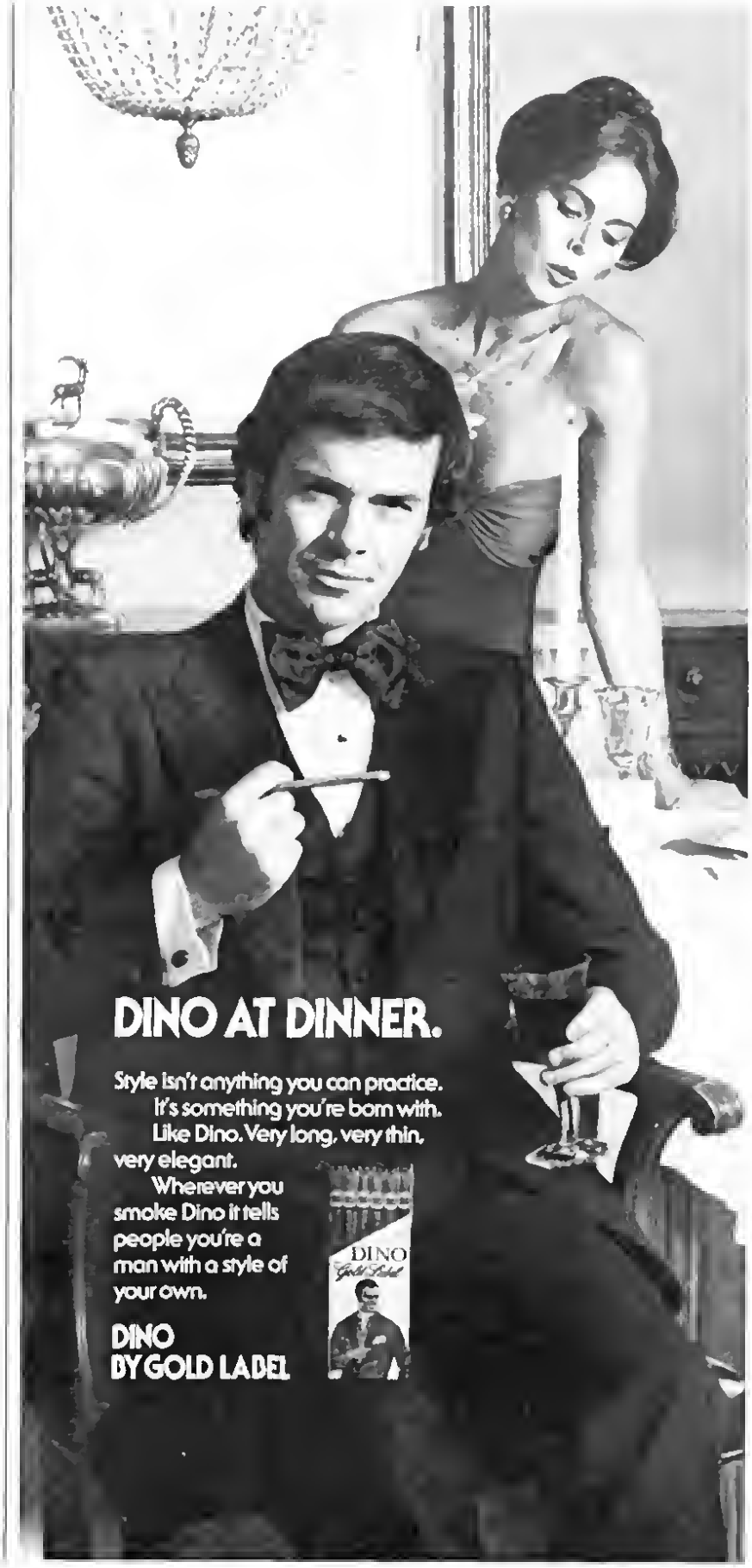
in their midst very calmly. When they drive along the highway they scarcely look up at the billboards and the bleachers outlined against the hilltop behind Luebbers' house. The bartender at the Bull Pen says, "I guess there's some that thinks he's crazy, but he don't care. Some guys collect old cars. Larry collects old ball fields."

Still, the last game at Crosley Field on June 24, 1970 did evoke some emotion from the fans as the Reds beat the San Francisco Giants 5–4 with back-to-back home runs by Bench and Lee May in the eighth inning. "So it ended to the cheers of 28,027 wonderful people who came out to give old Crosley Field a final goodby," wrote Bob Hertzel in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Wayne Granger, who relieved McGlothlin that day, says, "I got back to the clubhouse and looked for the champagne. I felt just like we had won the World Series." William R. Powers, a ball boy for 37 seasons, told Tommy West of the *Enquirer*, "What do you expect? It's like losing an old friend." An Associated Press photographer figured out that he had seen 2,200 Reds games since he started taking pictures at Crosley in 1938, and before the game Si Burick, the sports editor of the Dayton *Daily News*, pronounced a public epitaph for the field. "Rest in peace."

After the Reds won, West wrote, "The fans were screaming, and somewhere a lot of old baseball greats who once played on this field must have been smiling." Home plate was then presented to the mayor; the bases went to lucky fans whose ticket numbers had been drawn. One newspaper story reported that "Mary Jane Gill, 12, Dover, Ky., said that she doesn't know what she will do with second base." At 10:56 p.m. a band played *Auld Lang Syne*. The fans were all standing, many weeping, among them Hugh Hanley, 98, who had been rooting for the Reds in various stadiums at the same location since 1897. Former Reds General Manager Warren Giles cried before the game and again after the game. "I'm not ashamed," he said.

A boy from Dayton scooped up some dirt in a paper cup, but there were no signs of vandalism as the crowd departed. A newspaper story described what happened then: "The big lights went off. A few remained on, but the people had gone. All but one. One man sat alone in

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the shadows. He had a half smile on his face, and he kept looking all around, up and down. He said he was Frank O'Toole, of Western Hills. He was the last man left when they turned off the lights at Crosley Field."

In the taverns of Cincinnati that night the beer flowed in rivers, and there was talk of the early days of the Reds and of the Red Stockings before them. They were the world's first professional baseball team; in their first season, 1869, they played 69 games and won them all. It took nine balls for a walk in those days, and the batter had two chances on a called third strike. The Reds had an even earlier predecessor in the Cincinnati Baseball Club, a group of amateurs, mostly young lawyers, who played their games early in the morning before work. Their teams were called the Morning Glories and the Wide Awakes.

Memories of the old days were reported in the weeks that followed. Edd Roush, who played on the Reds between 1917 and 1927, recalled, "I remember the dead ball. The umpires used to have only about half a dozen baseballs for the game, and we'd use only one, maybe two balls a game. You never did see a white baseball in those days. All the infielders used to chew tobacco, and by the time the ball was thrown around the infield, it was covered with tobacco juice. Everyone used to spit on it."

Crosley was quickly forgotten when 51,786-seat Riverfront Stadium opened the following week. Two years later—after Luebbers had got most of what he could carry away—the wrecker's ball finally struck the concrete and steel of the old park. The iron ball was painted white with black stitching as a sort of salute to Giles, again on hand but smiling this time, and to the present Reds manager, Sparky Anderson, who had come out to pay their last respects. Since then, the Reds and their fans have pretty well ignored Luebbers' rebirth of Crosley over in Kentucky. It is true that George Scherger, the Reds' third-base coach, has been living at the Luebbers', but he stays there mainly to fish for bass and bluegills in a pond on Luebbers' property.

When Luebbers heard that Reds President Robert Howsam wanted some old Crosley seats for his home, he had eight of them scraped, scrubbed and repainted and sent them to Howsam as a present.

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But the gift was very belatedly acknowledged. So Luebbers has been left just about alone to enjoy his field and its history—the pennants won there in 1919, 1939, 1940 and 1961; the 1937 flood during which Pitchers Lee Grissom and Gene Schott rowed a boat over the center-field wall; the first major league night game in 1935, when Franklin D. Roosevelt switched on the stadium lights from the White House; the Siebler Suit sign (HIT THIS AND WIN A SIEBLER SUIT ) that cost Siebler 104 suits over the years, and a total of 4,542 regular-season National League games.

As Luebbers drives around looking over real-estate deals in the neighboring communities—Sugar Tit, Rabbit Hash, Big Bone Lick—or checks on supplies of country hams in stores in northern Kentucky, he seems to be a man who has found a certain peace, and the fact that few visitors from outside of Union come to his field does not bother him. He seems disposed to keep his Crosley Field private. His ball park gives him a chance to do a lot of things he likes. "I take the kids on Lubie's team into the old locker room and yell at them," he says. "They need a lot of instruction. But some of the parents worry about me treating them too rough. Well, the parents can't hear me in there." He's got a mud slide, which he never had as a kid, and in the hallway of his house, which runs the length of the ground floor, he has a batting machine. "I always wanted to be able to play strikeout in the house when I was a kid," he says. Now he and Lubie hit balls all winter, and the windows on both sides of the entrance door are patched with sheet metal and cardboard.

"People think I must be getting a tax write-off, but it's not so," Luebbers says. "All I've made so far is $2.50 on the Coke machine, and I've sold four $25 season tickets." (Such benefactors get a Crosley Field chair with their name painted on the back.)

Other stadiums have disappeared in recent years, some leaving barely a trace: Braves Field in Boston, Griffith Stadium in Washington, Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia, Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, the Polo Grounds in New York, Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. Crosley Field was torn down, too, yet it lives on in Larry Luebbers' backyard. **END**


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**The tone is folksy, the crowds small, but the cutting-horse contests are surely a most serious bidness, with $500,000 offered for a top stallion**

# CUTTING UP A STORM IN TEXAS

*by* ***MASON SMITH***

Over the gate at the end of the arena, where 30 Santa Gertrudis cattle bunch up, is painted the famous "Running W" brand. A cutting horse works back and forth across the arena with a calf. You can hear the horse breathe, hear the flap of leather chaps. Back behind the bleachers, there's the chuck wagon, which normally feeds beef and beans three times a day to the *vaqueros* working cattle. The Mexican cook has lived most of his 61 years on the place. He will cut you a piece of Texas barbecue or a length of *tripas* (intestine) and hand it to you on a wedge of flat camp bread. Stephen (Tio) Kleberg, prince of one of the largest landholding families in the world, fetches coffee for ladies and old-timers in the stands. Everybody says, "Hello, how you? How you doin'?"

That's the atmosphere at the King Ranch cutting. At the Brink's Ranch, next stop on the National Cutting Horse Association's South Texas Circuit, it will be much the same: a serene setting, faultless arrangements, wide-open hospitality, a small friendly crowd of mostly participants and their families. No pretense, officiousness, snobbery. No organ music, flag-waving or let's-give-little-Maryjane-a-hand-folks announcing. Most of all there is no haste. A background of quiet ranch work. And the best cutting horses in the world.

To an extent, the good mood is handmade, a-purpose. The King Ranch isn't staging its first cutting competition merely for fun. Cutting horses have *arrived*. Around the mesquite fire I am obliged to sample the *tripas* while being told that so-and-so give 45 grand for a gelding, now that's a nonreproducing horse. Shorty Freeman turned down $500,000 for Doc O' Lena, sold a half interest for a quarter million. Stud fees are getting up around $2,000, $2,500. When a good horse comes along, why, some ol' bidnessman will buy 'im up, and ride 'im in the nonpro. Some these trainers is makin' a lot of money. The King Ranch here, they've went out and leased 1974's World Champion Cutting Horse, Mr. San Peppy, to breed and show for them. Don't you think they ain't got something up their sleeve.

Back in the arena a horse and rider quietly enter the herd, separate a single cow, the rider drops the reins slack and places his free hand on the saddle horn. The horse is working the cow by itself, heading off its attempts to rejoin the herd, making quick countermoves to every move of the cow. His head thrust balefully at the cow, his nostrils flared, ears back (the rule book says he should show "a great deal of expression, but no illness"), his hind feet well under him, his barrel low, his forefeet sometimes patting the dirt with taunts and bluffs as if to inspire the cow to test him, rolling left or right over his hocks sometimes a full 180 degrees, this 1,100-pound animal with 200 pounds on his back is doing things in some athletic fourth dimension.

Trying to think where the focus is, I say, "Horse legs and dirt." Those wedgy forearms, big flat knees, cannons that your thumb and forefinger would meet around, those springing fetlocks, those great buttocks grained with power, hind legs lost in exploding sand, the muffled hits of hoof in earth, the occasional click of shoe. "Legs and dirt. Love of the earthy life. It's related to making mud pies." Indeed, well-formed patties do fly up, high as the rider's head.

"Na-a-aw! Can't you see? It's eyes and ears." Eyes big and dark enough to hypnotize, ears wide-set and purty long, separately darting to attention fore and aft and sideways, or flicking paired and alert at the calf, or laid back flat with pure avidity, mock anger. "The horse is not supposed to bite the cow," Jim Reno says. Unnecessary roughness, the rule book calls it. "Lot of good cutting horses have the tendency."

Jim Reno is president of the NCHA. He makes the better part of his living doing sculpture. The sort of thing where you have a foal, cute little fellow, all curled up, and you have a little old kitten reaching out a paw to touch it on



*Rider George Bunn and Rey Jay's Pete are determined to head off an equally determined calf*

the nose. Compositions. The Leon Jaworski family has dibs on No. 1 of each work, of which Jim casts 15, no more (this is not counting the official NCHA trophies, which are reproductions of a Reno cutting horse and calf in the classic action pose: calf turning left, horse balancing on his hind legs, shoving off with the left foreleg in its countermove). Jim wants me to pass on some pointers that will make you appreciate this sport. If you knew what to look for, why there'd be an even bigger boom in cutting-horse training, his other line of work. There'd be big corporations putting up some $25,000-added purses and a whole lot more folks like George Bunn of Bunn-O-Matic coffee machines and Jim Milner of Taco Bell restaurants, who would invest in cutting horses and trainers' services, and, here's another great thing about cutting, they can show them themselves, instead of sitting in the stands and watching their horses run around a track. Gents of 50, 60 can not only sink some money in and gamble on horseflesh, but—let go the reins and hang on the horn, it only takes 2½ minutes!—they can *ride 'em themselves*. All people need to do is learn how to watch a cutting and they'll love it.



Well, yes, sure, and Reno's wide-spaced toothy enthusiasm is genuinely infectious. But really, a *spectator* sport? What is so nice about it is it isn't. An average bunch of sports fans would dismantle the bleachers for something to do. Every five horses, the cattle are changed, and the new bunch has to be patiently settled and accustomed to horses working in and around it. Every third time that the cattle are changed, the arena is cleared and "freshened" with harrows. Seems like it's all halftimes, only without any flaming batons.

After the first go-round, Buster Welch invites everybody to his place for cocktails. Buster Welch is a figure. Sixth-grade education, a self-made man, partners in a couple ranches up around Midland, three times champion cutting-horse rider and co-owner with a man named Agnew from the state of Washington of this great horse the King Ranch has leased, Mr. San Peppy. The King Ranch got Buster along with the horse, to direct its breeding and training operation and to campaign the horse for one more world championship.

Buster doesn't mind at all. "D'rectly it'll take all you've got," he says. He grew up working cattle on West Texas ranches, learned by watching oldtimers shape herds in the open, cut cows for shipment, doctoring, moving bunches to other pastures, then he would drive the *remuda* to wherever they were going to work next, while the other cowboys went and had their social life. "I love horses, and I love women," Buster says. "If I'd a been rich, I'd a been a playboy."

The women sit in a big circle on the lawn in front of Buster's Spanish-style cottage, looking for all the world like an encounter group. Marion Flynt, the grand old man of cutting, many times president of the association, holds court in a folding chair. About the time the third person feels compelled to inform me, with some compound of envy, admiration and pride, that the King Ranch raises 90% of its help, I happen on to two young cowboys named Kellum who put a different slant on South Texas and

*continued*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

*Bill Freeman on Jay Freckles makes a last game bid for the Jim Reno trophy*



the cutting-horse world. Kent, a pretty youth of 18, is a poet; yep, just got back from "recitin' " in Taos. Ronnie has worked for the King Ranch in Australia, where the family controls over 11 million acres, some of which can't be awfully desirable because the Australian government leases it to the ranch at $1.25 per square mile. Ronnie says the judges gave him a 145 today when his roan earned at least a 148. He says the judges favor a certain central clique here, says they admit it openly, tell him, "You want to win some cuttings, Ronnie? Stick around 20 years. Think we gonna let you come back from Australia and bump some of our own?"

I ask him how come there's been no Calcutta, and he says, "Diehards. These people are such diehards, man— "

"I have heard, of course, that it's illegal "

That draws a whole bunch of hooting and thigh-slapping. "Illegal! Are you kidding me, man? Do you think that anybody in Texas is gonna bother the King Ranch if they do something—yee-hoo!—what'd you say? Illeg—whoop! Yee-ha! I mean—. Diehards, man! I mean—!"

Dinner is at the main house. Mrs. King reportedly told the architects, "Make it so a man will be comfortable with his boots and spurs on." In the room where the banquet is spread, there are silver bowls won by Assault, a Derby finish over the fireplace, shelves of recent Mr. San Peppy trophies, a quarter-horse statuette centerpiece and mock prize ribbons hanging from the chandelier. With reference to Ron Kellum's complaint, Buster Welch says, "You know the first thing you got to do in this sport?" Nope. What? "You have got to get on horseback." He turns out to be a self-made intellectual, a reader (and quoter) of Marshall McLuhan, Nikita Khrushchev, Robert Ardrey. "A horse," Buster says, "has to get inside the cow's bubble." Tio Kleberg leads the diehards in staying up late, and in dancing and singing in Spanish, and in yee-ha'-ing to the music of four Mexican guitarist-singers from Corpus Christi, who eventually acquire names like Kojak and Hippy. People keep coming up to Tio like old uncles and aunts, proud of him, telling him (maybe they *are* uncles and aunts), "Tio, this—this is what it's all about." Next morning we feel obliged to explain to other houseguests who might have been trying to sleep, "Well, when the host wants to enjoy himself, y' can't just go to bed on 'im, now can you?"

I begin to see better on the second day, to warm to the cutting itself as much as to the comfortable Texas air. A sorrel stallion named Jay Freckles, owned by radio station CFCW in Camrose, Alberta, puts it together for me.

The horse is judged first on how he enters the herd—quietly, delicately. At least once in his 2½-minute run the horse should cut the herd deep, clear to the back wall. The cattle part, maybe stream together around him as he turns. The rider holds the reins up, squeezes him lightly forward to interrupt the stream. Much eye and ear expression here as the horse awaits the signal that this—no, not that one—this one, yep, go ahead, is his plaything. Forward a little. All right, the cow's alone. She knows it, too, and after a second's hesitation she dashes for the bunch. Now the horse should break out, Jim Reno says, "like a racing quarter horse out of a gate," yet without disturbing the cattle forming back into a single mass behind him, and head off that dash. He should show his ability to drive the cow some distance away from the bunch, "set the cow up" in a working position near the middle of the arena, and counter every move of the cow to get back to the herd. The moves should have snap. A good horse just loves to work a cow, and the best somehow *draw* the cow to them. "This ol' horse I ride," Jim says, "you can hear him grinding his teeth, whinnying at the cow, and when the buzzer goes and we finish, he always nickers."

You're penalized for reining or otherwise "visibly cuing" your horse, for letting a cow reach the back fence, for flushing cows from the herd, for quitting a cow that has the advantage of you, for going past the heifer more than half a length. You're disastrously penalized for losing a cow back into the herd. You're given credit for cutting, working and quitting in the center, for riding with a loose rein throughout the performance. For a high score, toward the middle 70s from each judge marking you on a scale between 60 and 80, you've got to cut cows that don't just romp back and forth across the width of the arena, that try hard to get back in the herd, cows that really "try" the horse.

Jay Freckles' moves are so deep and prompt and crisp and prescient that his

cows become brilliant partners in an action as fascinating as surf, and as intricately fluid. With his throat arched almost yearningly toward the heifer, he does actually seem to draw from her the moves that he is already foiling. His outline becomes electrical. You can't look away, and when his run is over you already miss it like a lost passion.

Custom prevents Buster Welch and Mr. San Peppy from competing in the King Ranch's cutting, which Jay Freckles handily wins, marking 151 in the finals. The cutting at the Brink's Ranch shapes up as a duel between these two horses, the 1976 campaign in a nutshell. Mr. San Peppy is a little bit ahead in winnings so far, from Arizona's Sun Circuit and earlier Texas cuttings at Refugio and San Antonio. But Mr. San Peppy needs a good lead, because he'll have to be pulled off the road for a couple of months for breeding.

Next morning, Tio Kleberg r'ars back and stomps the bronze door handle of his office on the third floor of the Kleberg First National Bank of Kingsville. Tio means uncle. He's 30, about 5′5″, strongly built, pure handsome. He tells how the King Ranch has always bred performance horses. Cap'n King gave $300 for the first 12,000-acre land grant and within a few months paid $700 for a stallion. Unlike most ranches, the King Ranch has always *used* its mares, proved 'em out at working stock, and put the best of them into the brood band. Everybody'll tell you the King Ranch has got the best mares. At last year's sale, 25 yearlings brought an average of $6,200. We have a *progr'm* we don't just run to this year's get-of-sire champion and breed every sort of mare to him; a long-term line breeding progr'm that has resulted in uniform quality mares that'll put a stronger stamp on their get than any stallion, don't care what ol' flintlock says different. . . .

In Tio's office is a large painting of Monkey, the foundation sire of the ranch's main contribution to civilization, rated hereabouts on a par with the Model T Ford: the Santa Gertrudis breed of beef cattle. Monkey is at rest, lying in a field full of his progeny. Maybe the original King rests, but his progeny don't. That, uncles and aunts, is also what it's all about.

The thing is, the horse-breeding progr'm got a little bit stagnant back awhile, and cutting horses come into a boom, and even if about 60% of your good cutting horses had King Ranch blood, it was time for an outcross to a new stallion. Tio and Joe Stiles, his quarter-horse manager, spent six months traveling all over the West, incognito, looking for the best. They picked Mr. San Peppy. They're going to use artificial insemination to maximize his seed, maybe even inject the mares with that new hormone and time their estrus periods to the horse's cutting schedule. If he does what he's for, the King Ranch'll be on the tip of everybody's tongue again.

The Brink's Ranch is about 50 miles north of San Antonio. The Arc de Triomphe is nothing to the Brink's gate. Just inside you realize that the entrance drive is uncommonly wide, straight and level, and that it has lights along its edges. No roof over the arena here, and under clear blue skies the lovely oak-and-mesquite Texas hill country hosts crackling Canadian air. A Lear jet sings along the driveway. Lunch is pure Brink's brangusburger (meat from an Angus-Brahma cross). The crowd, again, is pure *aficionado*, plus a busload of Directors of the Western States Floor Covering Association, carpets being a good share of L. D. Brinkman's business.

The first go-round, Mr. San Peppy ties with Jay Freckles and Mr. Johnie Gay Bar at 148 points apiece. The next day, Mr. San Peppy marks only 145 and Jay Freckles produces another gorgeous performance, marking 150. In the finals, Mr. San Peppy stands fifth among nine hors-

*continued*

*Three-time champion Buster Welch on Mr. San Peppy slants into a calf, showing the form that won them the Reno trophy in a cutting at Brink's Ranch*





# An expert tells you how to get back in shape!

**Our files show that thousands of men want to get back in shape, but don't know how to go about it. We decided to ask an expert, Mike Fretault, leading fitness authority. Here are his answers.**

**Q. How can I get back in shape?**

**A.** There is only one answer to that: get more exercise.

**Q. Won't sports do the trick?**

**A.** Sure, sports are great, provided you practice a "complete" sport like jogging, swimming or rowing a few hours every week. Unfortunately, most men don't have the time or energy for that.

**Q. How about calisthenics?**

**A.** Also very good, but even a beginner's program should comprise at least 200 to 300 repetitions. Most men find calisthenics tiring and boring and give up after a few workouts.

**Q. Isn't there an easier way?**

**A.** There is one outstanding home training method I use and recommend. It's fast, it's easy and it keeps you interested because during every workout you actually see your strength increasing on the built-in Powermeter gauge.

**Q. What's it called?**

**A.** Bullworker® training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than conventional methods.

**Q. How long does it take?**

**A.** The introductory "get back in shape" program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

**Q. What kind of results can I expect?**

**A.** After 2 or 3 weeks of introductory training, most men can see an increase in strength of around 10% and measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest, biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the waist.

**Q. But it's hard work, isn't it?**

**A.** Absolutely not. Most men between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the full *program without getting tired. Bullworker* training is progressive so you perform better each time, yet the training always seems easy to you.

**Q. What can I expect from continued training?**

**A.** The sky's the limit. There are specialized exercises for building up or trimming down any part of your body you want to: broad, muscular shoulders—bulging biceps, powerful wrists and forearms—a deep, manly chest tapering down to a flat, trim waist—muscular thighs and calves. You can expect strength increases of up to 4% a week: that's 50% in just three months and I have seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.

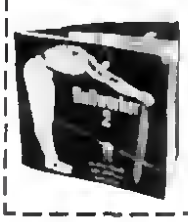



**Q. How can I find out more about Bullworker?**

**A.** I suggest you write for the Free Booklet in color. It contains complete details about Bullworker training and tells you how you can try a Bullworker for two weeks in your own home without cost or obligation.

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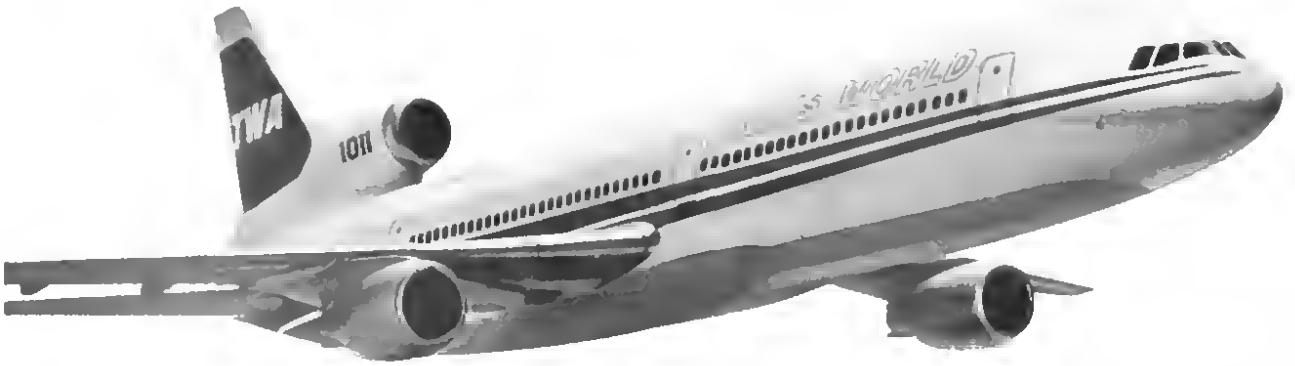

es. To win, he would have to make up a five-point difference, which means he'd have to mark a 152, say, and some ol' calf'd have to ketch Jay Freckles goin' th' wrong way. Never happen.

Sitting there on the powerful, dignified Mr. San Peppy, needing a miracle, Buster Welch turns for a metaphor to the miraculous Dallas Cowboys. "We're gonna have to just back into that ol' pocket just like Starback, an' th'ow one of them ol' Hail Marys." There's just no light under Mr. San Peppy as he works. Can't see the legs for the flying dirt. He has maniacal locomotive poise, synchronous knowledge of the cow's forthcoming stunts. All four corners work *ad hoc*. He draws prolonged coyote-song from the *cognoscenti* and the floor-coverers alike. Buster works him on two good calves, quits each in the center, turns back to cut out a third and the buzzer sounds. The judges both score him 76, for a 152.

On Jay Freckles, Bill Freeman needs only a 147½ to win the cutting. That would be the poorest he's done in four days. His first cut is clean, centered; he sets up the cow and just proper tears up the arena with it. Freeman is pushing Jay Freckles; he's after not just the overall win but Buster's 152. He's marking high on this calf; good calf, athletic, fast. He quits the calf perfectly when he's got the good out of it, and goes back into the bunch for another.

This time, two calves slant out in front of him, a mostly Hereford and a mostly Brahma. Bill slants the horse with them, commits him to the Brahma, and Jay Freckles breaks out sharply to divide the two calves. Right then the Brahma ducks his head and puts on a tough move, shoots right along Freeman's leg. He passes through the bunched herd and then he bangs the back fence so hard it rocks and wobbles. The judges give Jay Freckles a 139.

Tio Kleberg is rightly pleased. Harvey Brinkman hands Buster one more Jim Reno trophy. He may wind up with as much Reno statuary as Leon Jaworski. A couple days later, in Houston, Jay Freckles turns in three stunning runs and beats the champion, Mr. San Peppy, by two points overall. But right in the middle of the second go-round, that Canadian radio station ups and sells Jay Freckles for 35 grand to Jim Milner—right out from under Bill Freeman, the only rider lately who's been able to keep Jay Freckles from biting the cows. **END**




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# Sympathy for the Devils

**WHEN HIGHLY RANKED ARIZONA STATE WAS CAST BACK INTO THE SHADOWS BY UCLA ON THURSDAY NIGHT, THE TUNE WAS CALLED FOR AN UPSETTING WEEKEND**

Sometimes it just doesn't pay to get an early start on the weekend. Most especially it didn't pay for highly ranked Arizona State to jump the gun on the first full weekend of the college season. Playing on Thursday night, the Sun Devils were trampled by 7½-point underdog UCLA to set the scene for later losses by such preseason favorites as Alabama, Texas, USC, Florida, Notre Dame and Tennessee and a near tumble by Nebraska, which was tied. And who in Tempe, early on that deceptively placid evening, would have guessed what was to come The packed stands in Sun Devil Stadium looked like a field of desert goldenrod as thousands of yellow pompons waved in unison. Warm breezes gently swayed the giant crane that suspended a television camera high above the north-end bleachers, and the usual party of ticketless adventurers had scaled the small mountain behind the press box called Pikers' Peak for a free view of the game. It was a picturesque setting in which host Arizona State, holder of a 13-game win streak, hoped to beat UCLA and gain some national recognition for itself and the Western Athletic Conference as a whole.

Instead, it turned out to be a beautiful evening for UCLA's running attack and swarming defense, and an impressive debut by the new Bruin head coach, 32-year-old Terry Donahue. Quarterback Jeff Dankworth and Halfbacks Wendell Tyler and Theotis Brown veered through and around ASU for 375 yards, the defense refused to let ASU past the Bruin 44 in the first three quarters and UCLA flew home later that night with a 28–10 victory over the team that had been ranked in the top five by most preseason polls.

"Are you nervous?" Donahue had asked Brown the day before the game.

"Yes, I am," said the 6′ 3″, 218-pound sophomore who had served most of last season as practice-field cannon fodder.

"Well, so am I," said Donahue, who last year coached UCLA's offensive line.

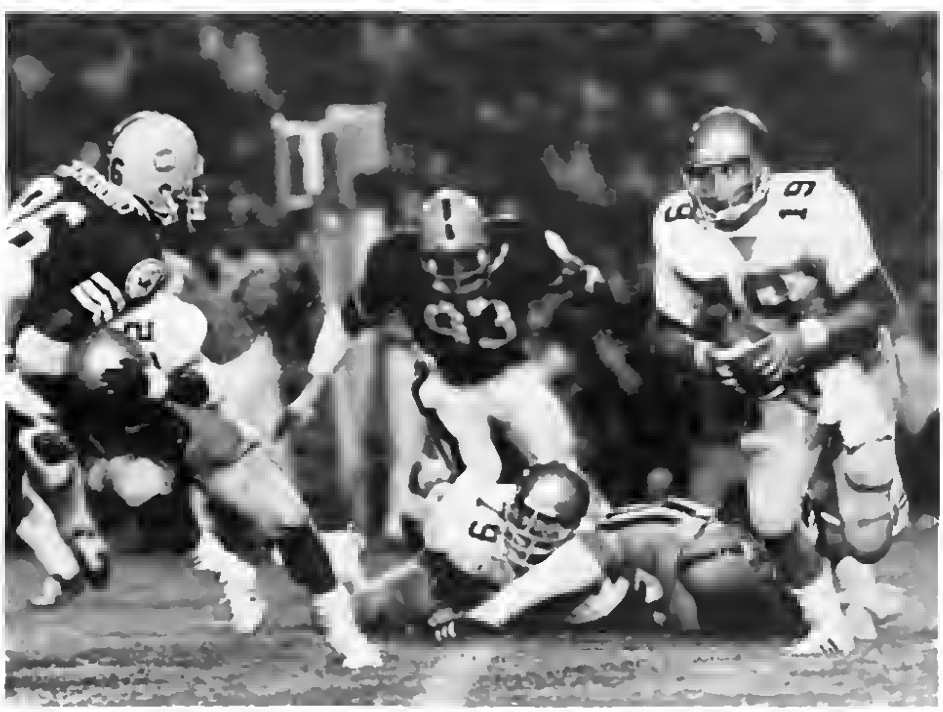
They both had reason to be uneasy. Having lost five of its finest players and its head coach, Dick Vermeil (to the Philadelphia Eagles), UCLA figured to be much weaker than it was when it upset Ohio State in the Rose Bowl. For its part, ASU was coming off an unbeaten season, had defeated Nebraska in the Fiesta Bowl and was ranked second in both wire services' final ratings. Frank Kush had been voted 1975 Coach of the Year, had a career 12–6–1 record vs. Pac 8 teams and national TV was covering a regular-season ASU game for only the second time ever. (Network moguls have heard the one about the WAC encompassing 4% of the nation's population and 96% of its rattlesnakes.)

"We have a chance to accomplish a lot this year," said Kush, whose winning percentage of .793 is second best among active major-college coaches. "But if we lose this game, we'll be struggling back again. If we win we'll be a contender for the national title."

Still, Kush had publicly disparaged both his offense and his defense, criticism Sun Devil fans dismissed as the usual preseason pessimism. But Kush didn't attain his 151–39–1 record by taking any game lightly, and the day before the Sun Devils met UCLA he was busy getting on his game face, next to which a Marine drill instructor's grimace looks like a sunny smile. ABC planned to tape its introduction of the Sun Devil players that afternoon but made the mistake of not being ready at the agreed-upon time. After fuming for a minute or two, Kush looked at his wristwatch and growled, "One minute." Then, "Thirty seconds." When Kush's countdown was done, with ABC still not ready, he ordered his troops back to the dressing room, saying in effect, phooey to national television, he wasn't going to lose one more microsecond of preparation time.

UCLA got a break with the weather. September nights in Tempe can be like the inside of a blast furnace, the devastating dry heat driving the uninitiated to crawl under the nearest rock with those rattlesnakes. "I thought it would be 100° and we'd be dead," said Donahue with a smile. His is a handsome face, unscarred in his career as a 197-pound defensive tackle at UCLA and his one amateur boxing match (he won).

*continued*



Out from under an All-America's shadow himself, UCLA's Oankworth ran for two TDs

Arizona State's game plan was not a bad one. Kush and his assistants knew that Tyler, UCLA's Heisman Trophy candidate, had gained 100 yards or more in four straight games and was only 317 yards short of Kermit Johnson's UCLA career rushing record. They wanted to take Tyler away from UCLA, and most of the time they did by keying two linebackers on him (he ended up with 93 yards on 21 carries). All well and good, but Dankworth ran for 155 yards and Brown for 127.

On UCLA's second possession Dankworth, a senior who played in the shadow of All-America John Sciarra the past two seasons, went left on a keeper for 32 yards. At the start of the second quarter, trailing 3–0 (a Brown fumble helped set up a 24-yard Sun Devil field goal by Coach Kush's son, Dan), UCLA went ahead to stay when Dankworth capped an 80-yard Bruin drive by faking a handoff, darting through a huge hole in the right side of the line and sprinting untouched 32 yards to a touchdown.

Later in the second quarter UCLA took a 14–3 lead on another 80-yard TD drive, the key play being Brown's 35-yard burst through the right side and down the sideline to the ASU 12. Four plays later it was first and goal to go, and the UCLA coaches signaled for Dankworth to try the right side again. He called the correct play in the huddle but got mixed up after the snap, went left and scored while every other Bruin and most of the Sun Devils went right.

UCLA drove 79 yards to a third TD in the third quarter, and Brown's 26-yard touchdown run a few possessions later made the score 28–3. While Brown was romping, Tyler was laughing at the two Sun Devils who were still dogging his every step. Donahue played his subs in the final period, and ASU's lone touchdown, a 15-yard Dennis Sproul-to-John Jefferson pass play, was of no consequence.

There was some predictable crowing among the UCLA players, who had felt their team had been overlooked by the pollsters (the highest the Bruins had been ranked in any major poll was 14th by UPI), and Donahue was naturally elated at getting his first victory, but he was annoyed at UCLA's sloppy ballhandling. (The Bruins had fumbled five times.) "I do not believe we handled the ball like a big-league team," he said. "The defensive team won this football game. It went in there time and again under bad circumstances and did beautifully. I hope this is the start of a tradition."

He should hope that it is an instant tradition, for high-scoring Arizona visits L.A. this weekend and in two weeks Donahue and his Bruins travel to Columbus for a return match with Ohio State and Woody Hayes.

As for Arizona State, it's back under the rocks with the rattlers—at least for the time being.

## THE WEEK

**by MIKE DEL NAGRO**

**EAST** Ranked among the Top Ten in all major preseason polls and a 13½-point favorite to beat Boston College, Texas did an el foldo before 30,476 jubilant fans at Chestnut Hill. "I kept saying I was fearful of coming up here and nobody believed me," lamented Longhorn Coach Darrell Royal. That was understandable. For the past two years B.C. had bowl aspirations but both times the Eagles were humiliated in their season openers by ranked opposition. Last year Notre Dame thumped them 17–3 and in 1974 Texas itself ran up a 23-point victory. Even Eagle diehards felt the current team was inferior to the last two. On top of that, Anthony Brown, the No. 1 tailback, was out with a bad shoulder and in Ken Smith B.C. had a quarterback who had yet to throw a varsity pass.

On the second play from scrimmage, Neil Green, filling in for Brown, took a pitchout on his own 26, got a block from Guard Tom Lynch and raced 74 yards for a touchdown. B.C. increased its lead to 14–0 when Smith engineered a 12-play scoring drive following a Texas fumble on the Eagle four-yard line. The Longhorns came back to score on a 35-yard Mike Cordaro-to-Alfred Jackson TD pass and looked as if they might yet salvage the game when Halfback Johnny (Lam) Jones scored on an 18-yard sweep with 4:38 left to play, making it 14–13. Eagle Defensive Back Kelly Elias stopped Jones' two-point conversion try. Longhorn Placekicker Russell Erxleben had the last chance to win it, but his 53-yard field-goal attempt on the final play of the game was just wide. "This is the biggest victory for any B.C. athletic team ever," crowed Athletic Director Bill Flynn. Said Royal, "I don't think they were underrated as much as we were overrated."

Penn State turned three first-period fumbles into two touchdowns and a field goal, then held off Stanford 15–12. Freshman Fullback Matt Suhey rushed for 119 yards in 23 carries, including a six-yard TD burst. Suhey was replacing his older brother Larry, who had been injured in practice. The win was the Nittany Lions' fourth straight over the Cardinals.

Rutgers kept its eight-game winning streak alive by downing Navy 13–3. New Coach Frank Cignetti got a happy welcome at West Virginia as the Mountaineers thumped Villanova 28–7. Army topped Lafayette 16–6.

**1. PITTSBURGH (1–0)**
**2. PENN STATE (1–0) 3. B.C. (1–0)**

**SOUTHWEST** It took Houston 20 years of campaigning to join the Southwest Conference. It won that fight in 1971, only to be told it must wait another five years before it could play a conference game. Having waited that period, Bill Yeoman's Cougars waited another 30 minutes and then defeated favored Baylor 23–5. Fullback Dyral Thomas scored two touchdowns. Quarterback Danny Davis another and Lennard Coplin kicked a 22-yard field goal while the Cougar defense kept Baylor from crossing midfield in the second half.

Texas A&M Fullback George Woodard scored two touchdowns, rushed for 111 yards and caught three passes to lead the Aggies over Virginia Tech 19–0. It could have been worse for the Gobblers. A&M lost two fumbles inside the five, was intercepted at the one and missed a 39-yard field goal.

Texas Tech intercepted Colorado's Jeff Austin five times to upset the Buffaloes 24–7. Linebacker Thomas Howard had two of the thefts and got at least a piece of 17 tackles. The Red Raiders struck for two quick touchdowns by Tommy Duniven and Jimmy Williams, whose 87 yards rushing provided about as much offense as Tech needed.

Arkansas Halfback Ben Cowins kept one scoring drive alive by scooting 21 yards on third and 19, and scored the final touchdown in Arkansas' 33–16 win over Utah State.

Defending NAIA champion Texas A&I extended college football's longest winning streak to 28 games, pounding Slippery Rock 58–7. Larry Collins scored two touchdowns and Quarterback Larry Urban threw for two more. SMU beat TCU 34–14.

**1. TEXAS A&M (1–0)**
**2. ARKANSAS (1–0) 3. TEXAS (0–1)**

**SOUTH** Paul Bryant's birthday cake was "tasteless" and the 63 roses sent by a fan were as droopy as the Bear's spirits after Mississippi stopped Alabama 10–7, snapping the Tide's 20-game Southeastern Conference winning streak. One more would have been a record. Ole Miss won on a 24-yard pass-interception runback by Linebacker George Stuart and a 34-yard field goal by freshman Hoppy Langley, moving Athletic Director John Vaught to say, "You'd have to go back to 1953 for a win that meant as much to us."

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North Carolina, the first giant-killer of the fall, followed up its defeat of Miami of Ohio two weeks ago by beating Florida 24–21. Mike Voight scored the winning touchdown after third-string Quarterback Bernie Menapace kept a fourth-period drive alive by somehow finding Fullback Billy Johnson, lying on his side at the Florida six, with a desperation fourth-down pass. Tar Heel Coach Bill Dooley's magic wand must be worn to the nub.

Duke and Tennessee each scored three touchdowns, but the Vols didn't make an extra point and Duke won 21–18. Tennessee set up for a tying field goal late in the game but Kicker Jimmy Gaylor thought a fake had been called and never kicked the ball.

Cal's Joe Roth "looked like he was throwing baseballs" in the eyes of Georgia Defensive Back Johnny Henderson, whom Roth burned for touchdowns of 69 and 88 yards in the first half. But in the third quarter Henderson robbed Roth of his third strike with an interception. Whereupon Bulldog Quarterback Matt Robinson came up with a slick toss of his own—a 33-yard touchdown pass to Gene (yet another) Washington—and Georgia went on to upset Cal 36–24. Roth was nonplussed. "Heck, I keep telling everyone I'm not superhuman." Why be bothered? Roth threw for 379 yards (one shy of the Cal record), completing 21 of 36.

Surprising LSU held Nebraska to a 6–6 tie with superb defense whenever the Cornhuskers got close to the Tiger goal line. LSU scored on 35- and 18-yard field goals by Mike Conway, but failed to win when Conway missed a 44-yarder with 34 seconds left.

Oklahoma Quarterback Dean Blevins led the Sooners to a 24–3 win over Vanderbilt, and Maryland's Mark Manges threw two touchdown passes and sophomore Tailback Steve Atkins gained 169 yards in the Terrapins' 31–7 victory over Richmond. Memphis State won for the second straight week on the heroics of sophomore Quarterback Lloyd Patterson. He hit 10 of 17 for two touchdowns and ran for another, in a 21–12 defeat of Florida State.

**1. MARYLAND (1–0)**
**2. MISSISSIPPI (1–1) 3. GEORGIA (1–0)**

**WEST** If you think Frank Kush or Bear Bryant or Darrell Royal had nightmarish openers, consider poor John Robinson, who was making his debut at USC. Robinson fumed on the sidelines watching his Trojans, a seven-point favorite over Missouri, cough up three fumbles, get hit with seven penalties and yield a field goal and four touchdowns in the first half—two of the six-pointers a direct result of USC's shoddy kicking game. The vaunted Trojan defense gave up 315 yards rushing and 171 in the air. At the final gun, Missouri had a 46–25 upset and Robinson was left to ponder USC's worst defeat in an opener since 1888.

Trojan mistakes were not solely responsible for Robinson's anguish. Tiger Quarterback Steve Pisarkiewicz and Tailback Curtis Brown did their bit, too. Playing with a deep cut on his throwing hand, Pisarkiewicz completed seven of 10 passes in the first half as Missouri shot to a 30-10 lead. He finished with 171 yards, lifting his career total to 2,791—only 265 shy of Paul Christman's all-time Tiger record. Brown, best known as the only human to gain 100 yards against Oklahoma the last three seasons, rushed 20 times for 101 yards, caught a 49-yard TD pass and returned a kickoff 95 yards for another score. Not even Ricky Bell's routinely remarkable performance—172 yards in 29 carries—could cheer Robinson up. "I feel embarrassed, angry and let down," he said. "We'll have to rebuild from the ground up."

A Grand Canyon State record gathering of 52,206 turned out at Arizona Stadium to watch the Wildcats crush Auburn 31–19, spoiling Doug Barfield's debut as coach of the Tigers. Succeeding All-WAC Quarterback Bruce Hill, who was graduated, junior Marc Lunsford hit 11 of 18 passes for 178 yards, seven of them to Split End Keith Hartwig. Lunsford put the game on ice early in the second half, directing the Wildcats on an 80-yard scoring march for a 28–0 lead.

David Turner ran for 239 yards in 32 carries to power host San Diego State to a 24–14 win over Arkansas State, ending the Indian win streak at 15 games.

San Jose State beat Hawaii 48–7. Air Force defeated Pacific 36–3.

**1. UCLA (1–0)**
**2. ARIZONA (1–0) 3. WASHINGTON (1–0)**

**MIDWEST** Michigan State lost twice in one week end. On Friday a U.S. district court judge in Grand Rapids refused to issue a temporary restraining order that would have allowed the Spartans to suit up six players under suspension by the NCAA. Then in Columbus, Ohio on Saturday Michigan State took it on the chin again, losing 49–21 to Ohio State and Coach Woody Hayes, who admitted he put the NCAA on the Spartans' trail. With MSU Quarterback Eddie Smith, Tight End Michael Cobb and two other starters missing, it was no contest. The Buckeyes unveiled two future stars—Jeff Logan and Rod Gerald.

Logan, a junior tailback, returned a punt 68 yards for a touchdown and scored twice more on runs of 75 and three yards. He also had a 71-yard jaunt called back because of a penalty. Gerald, a sophomore who has taken over for the graduated Cornelius Greene at quarterback, played only a half but tallied twice on keepers of 17 and 12 yards. Fullback Pete Johnson, who led the nation in scoring last year, rambled 58 yards for his 41st career touchdown. Ohio State led 28–0 before Hayes showed any mercy and substituted. Said new MSU Coach Darryl Rogers, "Our players may have been a little awed."

Except for all the intrigue, the script was much the same up in Ann Arbor, where Michigan whipped Wisconsin 40-27. The Wolverines have Harlan Huckleby in Gordon Bell's old tailback spot, and the sophomore from Detroit showed his stuff before the game was two minutes old, zipping around right end for 56 yards and the first of his three touchdowns. Quarterback Rick Leach tossed two TD passes in a game made interesting only by the fact that two second-half touchdowns gave the Badgers the honor of scoring the most points against Michigan since 1969.

Minnesota Quarterback Tony Dungy threw for two touchdowns and ran in two more as the Gophers downed Indiana 32–13. Purdue topped Northwestern 31–19 with Tailback Scott Dierking gaining 151 yards on the ground, and Illinois beat Iowa 24–6.

It was quiet in the Big Eight with most of the conference powers playing away from home. The stay-at-homes—Kansas, Iowa State, Oklahoma State and Kansas State—all won. Quarterback Nolan Cromwell scored two touchdowns and Halfback Laverne Smith closed in on a Kansas career rushing record with a 142-yard day as the Jayhawks knocked off Washington State 35–16. Iowa State crushed Drake 58–14. Oklahoma State caught fire after trailing Tulsa 6–3 at halftime, and won 33–21 as Running Back Robert Turner scored twice. Kansas State was practically handed a touchdown when Brigham Young's punter mishandled a snap and was tackled on BYU's two-yard line. When added to a pair of Bill Sinovic field goals from 58 and 48 yards, it produced a 13–3 Wildcat victory.

It takes gutsy coaching to pull off a major upset and Marshall got some from its head man, Frank Ellwood. Leading Miami of Ohio 14–9, Ellwood spurned a field goal with fourth and goal at the Redskin two and went for the TD. Tailback Mike Bailey skirted the heavy traffic in the middle of the line and went in to score for the Thundering Herd's first victory over Miami in 37 years, 21–16.

**1. MICHIGAN (1–0)**
**2. OHIO STATE (1–0) 3. OKLAHOMA (1–0)**

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**DEFENSE:** Middle Linebacker Pete Cronan, a 6′ 2″, 243-pound senior converted from defensive tackle last spring, led unranked Boston College with 15 unassisted tackles, as the Eagles stunned seventh-ranked Texas 14–13.

**OFFENSE:** Unfazed by a cut requiring stitches on his passing hand, Missouri's senior quarterback, Steve Pisarkiewicz, completed nine of 16 passes for 171 yards and three touchdowns in the Tigers' 46–25 upset of USC.



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# A breath of fresh air

**THE COLTS HIT THE FAN AFTER HIS RECENT EXPLOSION, SO OWNER IRSAY, WHO MADE MILLIONS IN AIR CONDITIONING, KEPT HIS COOL WHEN THEY BEAT THE PATS**

Ah, peace. Shaky or not, how sweet it is. Ask the embattled Baltimore Colts—the Oakland A's of the NFL—who last Sunday afternoon wiped thoughts of the previous week's chaos from their minds long enough to pummel the New England Patriots 27–13 at Foxboro, Mass.

Baltimore Quarterback Bert Jones completed five consecutive passes for 58 yards at one stage, including two touchdowns to Glenn Doughty; Toni Linhart kicked 28- and 32-yard field goals and Lydell Mitchell rushed for 73 yards. Not bad for a team that only a week before was on the brink of anarchy after its owner, Robert Irsay, had delivered a humiliating postgame locker-room scolding that produced the resignation of Coach Ted Marchibroda. Not bad for Jones and the other Colts, who had threatened to pick up their footballs and go home unless Irsay reinstated Marchibroda at once. And definitely not bad for Marchibroda, who won his power struggle against General Manager Joe Thomas and also seems to have persuaded Irsay to forgo any future attempts at locker-room oratory.

Internal strife has been part of Baltimore's *modus operandi* ever since Irsay acquired the team in 1972 and installed Thomas as general manager. Two years ago Irsay stormed onto the field while the Colts were being defeated, dismissed Coach Howard Schnellenberger and ordered Thomas to take over. The present troubles started when the Colts were swamped by Detroit 24–9 in their final preseason game, their fourth straight defeat. Irsay, who made his millions in air conditioning but frequently blows his own cool, charged into the dressing room and began to lambaste his players. Says Jones, "I don't know if that was Irsay talking—or whiskey."

Whichever, Irsay was obnoxious and abusive. When one player objected to the tongue-lashing, the owner ordered him to turn, face the wall and apologize—if he wanted to get paid. When Irsay ranted that the coaching staff needed help, though, Marchibroda had heard enough. "If you want a new head coach, go get yourself one," he said. Marchibroda demanded a meeting with Irsay and Thomas, and after a six-hour session at the Milwaukee Yacht Club, where Irsay docks his boat, failed to strengthen his position, Marchibroda resigned.

But on his return from Milwaukee, Marchibroda suggested that the fundamental problem was not Irsay's behavior. "In order to lead his men, any coach must have the authority to call the shots," he said. "This differs from the position held by the ownership and management here. I couldn't tolerate the interference I was getting." While Marchibroda didn't name Joe Thomas, it was clear that his resignation resulted from a disagreement with the general manager—not with the owner.

The relationship between coach and general manager in the NFL varies considerably from team to team, but Thomas clearly takes an extremist position. He believes that the general manager should have total control over all matters relating to personnel, including which players make the 43-man squad. He views the coach as a necessary evil, a push button, an Xs-and-Os guy whose duties are limited strictly to training whatever personnel the general manager provides.

Certainly it is difficult to dispute Thomas' credentials as a judge of personnel. He was the first person hired by the Minnesota Vikings and helped bring in much of the talent that made them a contender. He also was the first person hired by the Miami Dolphins and was responsible for acquiring 21 of the 22 Dolphins who started in Super Bowl VIII, in which Miami beat Minnesota 24–7. But Thomas chafed when the coaches in Minnesota and Miami—Norm Van Brocklin and Don Shula—received most of the credit for their teams' success. So he went looking for a new situation, arranged Irsay's acquisition of the Colts and, for his efforts, was rewarded with what he had always wanted: full control of a team.

Quickly disposing of aging legends like Johnny Unitas, Tom Matte and John Mackey, Thomas began to rebuild the Colts, and last year they went from last

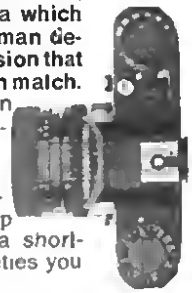
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place to first in the AFC East. Inevitably, the same old problem arose: the coach—not the general manager—got most of the credit. New Coach Marchibroda, it was noted, had taken the same talent that finished 2–12 in 1974 and produced a 10–4 playoff team. Privately, Thomas admitted he was miffed that the accolades went to his coach.

During the off-season Thomas made some personnel moves that Marchibroda vehemently opposed. "Joe had to show Ted who was boss," says one Colt. Middle Linebacker Mike Curtis, an outspoken critic of the general manager, was lost in the expansion draft, leaving the Colts woefully thin at that position, because the only other veteran, Jim Cheyunski, had knee surgery and still limps badly. This summer Thomas traded Backup Quarterback Marty Domres and his $110,000 salary to San Francisco for a fifth-round 1978 draft choice and cash. Consequently, the Colts have no experienced backup if Jones, who likes to run the ball, gets injured. Meanwhile, no new players were brought in. "I saw the problem," says Marchibroda, "but I didn't know how to handle it." Irsay unwittingly brought the problem into the open when he questioned the coach's competence during his locker-room tirade.

At the Milwaukee meeting, Marchibroda demanded final say over the playing personnel. Irsay sided with Thomas, so Marchibroda resigned. That night in Baltimore Marchibroda met with about 30 Colt players to say goodby. It was an emotional farewell. "Some of the players cried," says Jones. "I would imagine Ted cried, too. I know I did." After Marchibroda left, the players considered a boycott of the New England game but decided to delay any decision until a team meeting the following morning.

The brash Jones, who is the Colts' unquestioned leader, prepared a letter chastising Thomas and Irsay, and he read it to the players at their meeting. They endorsed it unanimously. "I felt it was better to handle the situation that way," says Jones. "If we had left the situation open for individuals to make comments, people could have been hurt. There are a lot of people here who are 'disposable,' so to speak." The public statement was formal but to the point. It said, in part, "Thomas and Irsay may have completely destroyed this team by forcing Marchibroda out the week of the first league game." Jones also issued a few off-the-

*continued*

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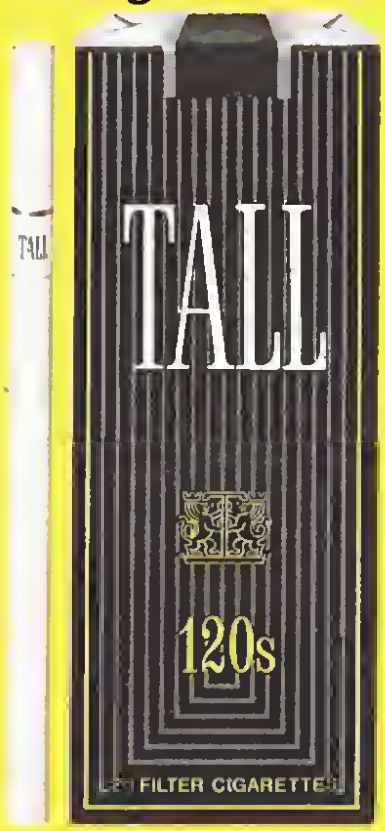
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cuff comments. "Joe is an egomaniac," he said. Jones added that if he were not a player, he wouldn't go to a Colt game. "I hope there aren't 20 people at our first home game, and I would commend Baltimore for it," he said. Jones even placed a call to Commissioner Pete Rozelle to discuss possible solutions to the problem. By the eve of the New England game, Jones had mellowed slightly. "I like Joe Thomas personally," he said, "and he pays me well. But he was wrong this time. I told him I was going to blast him before I did it. I'm not going to say any more now. I've slapped his face enough."

When Marchibroda quit, Thomas reportedly offered the job to Assistant Coach Maxie Baughan. Baughan not only turned Thomas down flat, he threatened to resign. Other assistants also talked of leaving. With the season less than a week away, Thomas, the man who holds coaches in such low regard, suddenly realized he desperately needed them. So he phoned Marchibroda and asked him if he would return. Would Thomas accede to the terms Marchibroda had demanded in Milwaukee? Thomas obviously said yes, so Marchibroda also said yes. Since then Thomas has refused to discuss the matter. One day, in fact, he escaped the press by leaving Colt offices by a fire escape.

On Tuesday morning Marchibroda strode into a packed meeting room and was given a rousing ovation by the Colts. In the uproar Marchibroda couldn't make himself heard. On the night he resigned, Marchibroda had told the Colts that his situation was "like being third and eight or worse." Now, rather than try to shout above the noise, he simply walked to the blackboard and wrote, "First and 10."

Thomas missed Baltimore's victory at New England because of the illness of his wife, but Irsay watched from the visiting owners' box. At halftime Irsay was asked if last week's power struggle could happen again. "It could rain tomorrow," he said. "It rained the other day." For one of the few times in his five seasons as Baltimore's owner, though, Irsay did not make a postgame visit to the Colts' locker room. The players gave Marchibroda one game ball and Baughan another. "If Irsay was here, would he be getting a game ball?" Defensive Tackle Joe Ehrmann was asked. "Now what kind of question is that?" Ehrmann retorted. Ah, peace. **END**

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THE SHAPE OF THINGS THAT WIN
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# She was the Young of old

**HAVING TROUNCED ARCHRIVAL SUE NOVARA TO WIN THE WORLD SPRINTS, OLYMPIC SPEED-SKATING CHAMP SHEILA YOUNG WAS READY TO BEGIN HER HONEYMOON**

Cosimo Centonze, a local manufacturer of smoked sausages, had plastered the approaches to the velodrome at Monteroni, Italy with garish, multicolored posters bearing greetings in four languages. The English version read: "Centonze's sausage factory hopes this date will join the people of the world even in the daily life and make them justier men."

It may well be that Sheila Young and Sue Novara, the two American archrivals for the world sprint-cycling championship, took heed of Centonze's exhortation. Whether they became "justier" is hard to judge, but join together they certainly did in a warm handclasp, riding side by side, victor and vanquished, on the lap of honor.

For two athletes who have had little regard for one another on or off the track, that was effusiveness indeed. A milestone, a historic date, as the sausage manufacturer had anticipated.

It was also historic in the sense that it may have marked Sheila Young's last competitive appearance on a bicycle, in a year that had brought her, in order, three Olympic speed-skating medals (gold, silver and bronze); the world sprint speed-skating championship; the U.S. national sprint-cycling title; a handsome curly-haired, mustachioed husband; and now the world sprint-cycling championship. What more could a girl want?

In her own words: a career, maybe in local politics; more time, at 25, to devote to her husband, Jim Ochowicz—a member of the U.S. pursuit team—and to the bicycle shop they plan to open in Detroit.

"That's it," pledged Young before ascending the winner's podium. "I might keep on skating, but if I want a life of my own I've got to give something up, and it's got to be cycling."

Sue Novara ("It's not that Sheila and I aren't on speaking terms, we just don't converse") vanished immediately after her defeat, reappearing 10 minutes later, eyes red and still wet.

"What happened to you, Sue?"

"I got beat. . . ."

The result slightly embarrassed the U.S. squad, which had the problem of simultaneously congratulating Young and commiserating with Novara. And Coach Jack Disney was surprised at the outcome. He had privately been tipping 20-year-old Novara for the title. "She is better equipped to do it," he had said. "She handles her bike better. She has more acceleration. She'll make it if she rides the way I told her to."

But sprint cycling is a most unpredictable sport—a stalking, tracking, cat-and-mouse thing, a mixture of tactics, reflexes and intuition in which roles are reversed at the turn of a pedal, and the hunter, in the space of a few yards, can become the prey. The format pits two competitors, one against the other, three times around a banked one-third-kilometer oval. The first two laps are normally for feinting, parrying and procrastinating, sometimes standing stock-still (the record is 22 minutes) and generally seeking to psych out the opposition. The real action takes place in the last, usually frantic, 200 yards of the final lap. You win by finishing first in two out of three possible races.

The U.S. faced no real opposition in Monteroni after the Soviet Union decided to stay away, on the flimsy grounds that women's cycling is not an Olympic sport. (According to one theory, the Russians felt they could not win.) Young, however, had had a narrow escape in her quarterfinal race. Her Belgian opponent, playing the waiting game fractionally too long, toppled over and brought Young crashing down with her. Her bike repaired and the gash in her left thigh dressed, Young came on like a Ferrari against a bombed-out Beetle to make sure of victory in the rerun. After that, she and Novara predictably came together in the finals in the floodlit velodrome last Friday.

Identically dressed in black shorts and stars-and-stripes shirts, the two women headed cautiously down the track, Young in the lead, setting a moderate pace, checking regularly with over-the-shoulder glances at Novara, stalking her five yards behind. Little action until the penultimate bend. Then Young plummeted like a hungry hawk down the 39% gradient and grabbed a 10-yard lead, weaving along the straight, taking the last bend tight, forcing her opponent into a suicidal attack on the outside and into second place.

It was a repetition of the race in which Young won the U.S. national title against Novara in August. As she passed the finish this time, Young raised a fist into the air. Novara bowed her head in defeat.

The second race was markedly dif-

*continued*

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ferent but even more decisive. At the sound of the bell signaling the last lap, it was Novara who swooped from the rail and edged into a narrow lead on the inside. But Young responded with devastating force, and there was no escaping her as she came on, into the final bend to catch her rival halfway down the homestretch. Again her arm went up, this time in final victory, and Novara had to accept the loss of the title she had won only the year before in Rocourt, Belgium. Then, as they slowed to a stop, the women's gloved hands joined in a spontaneous gesture of mutual respect. It was their first head-to-head world championship battle, and most likely their last.

"She was just really good today. Unbeatable," said Novara after recovering her composure. "I couldn't hold her. The first time out I made a mistake. I didn't pick it up enough—not enough momentum. But this time there was nothing I could do. She was just too strong."

An aging Italian admirer tried to comfort her. "You are the most beautiful," *he murmured. Making the usual allow*ances for Italian hyperbole, he had a point: silky blonde hair—shampooed twice a week—flowing halfway down her back, a honey-skinned, corn-fed, rain-washed face and a pair of pale blue eyes. "Has anyone got a hairbrush?" she asked. Life goes on.

It had been an excellent showing for the U.S.—first, second and fourth places, the last one going to the coach's 19-year-old daughter Jackie (five times U.S. midget and intermediate champion), who was making a highly promising debut in international competition.

Will Monteroni indeed have provided the last setting for the legendary struggles between Sue Novara and Sheila Young? As things stand now, the answer is yes, but Mike Fraysse, the U.S. team manager, hasn't had his last word. After all, he managed to talk Young into changing her mind after she vowed to quit cycling on winning the world title in 1973.

"I may be able to do it again," he says. "Perhaps not next year, though."

Right now Young's mind is on other things, like the delayed European honeymoon she had been planning with her husband. "Yes, you can say I'm a pretty competitive person. I like winning at things."

Like what things?

"I won him, didn't I?" **END**

# "If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"



It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist.

Consumerism in the arts: or, theater-going made safe.

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

**BASEBALL** / *Larry Keith*

# *No joke in Philadelphia*

**EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TEAM THAT HAD A 15-GAME LEAD AND AN EYE ON THE PENNANT WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IT FORGOT HOW TO WIN? NOT VERY FUNNY**

Better put the Philadelphia Phillies on the critical list, Doc. High blood pressure, labored breathing, irregular heartbeat. Patient fading fast. As with the town's other mystery malady, Legionnaires disease, everyone recognized the symptoms but nobody knew the cause. Why were the Phillies losing? Too much pennant fever? How do you explain anemic hitting, sluggish defense, irrational behavior on the base paths and those hot and cold pitching spells? Whatever the reason, the Phils, the National League's Eastern Division leaders for most of the season, are in the throes of a serious, possibly fatal collapse.

On Aug. 26, after defeating Cincinnati for its eighth victory in 10 games, Philadelphia led second-place Pittsburgh by 15 games and was sizing up the Reds for the playoffs. Last week, after the Phillies had lost 13 of 15 while the Pirates were winning 13 of 15, the margin had shrunk to four.

The Phillie Phlop is not unknown to baseball, of course. The last epidemic was reported in 1964, when the team lost 10 straight games and a 6½-game lead in the last two weeks of the season. But this Philadelphia club, entrenched in first place since May 9 and without a losing streak longer than four games, seemed immune to that sort of disaster. Bobby Wine, a Phillie shortstop 12 years ago and now the first-base coach, has an understandable feeling of *déjà vu*. "It doesn't make sense," he says. "This team has better pitching, better hitting and more depth. You could see a couple of guys going bad, but not the entire club."

Whether Philadelphia is choking or merely pressing is a matter for conjecture. But the consequence is obvious, especially at the plate. Batting .278 before Aug. 27, the Phillies averaged only .206 through the slump, with sluggers Mike Schmidt, Greg Luzinski and Dick Allen knocking in only seven runs. Philadelphia has hit just four home runs in that period, two of them by Pitcher Larry Christenson, who needed both in a 3–1 win over New York. In fact, the team scored only 33 runs in the 15 games. "We're not getting that key hit, the double with men on first and second," says Schmidt. "A lot of guys, including myself, are going for that whole ball of wax to break us out of it, but we're only becoming easy outs."

The aggravation and futility were obvious in games against the Pirates and Cubs last week. Concluding a miserable 16-game, five-city road trip in Pittsburgh, the Phillies lost 6–2, 5–1 and 6–1. A rousing reception at one a.m. on their arrival back in Philadelphia plus a one-minute standing ovation by the fans at the first home game lifted the players' spirits but not their batting averages. The Phillies won the Chicago opener 4–2 (despite only six hits) but dropped the next two—3–2 and then 4–1 in 12 innings. Only on Sunday did the Phillies finally show signs of recovery, banging out 13 hits in an 8–0 win. "We've lost the killer instinct," Manager Danny Ozark had said earlier. "I don't think we relaxed on purpose with that big lead, but maybe we let up subconsciously. Gosh dang, it's a shock."

Through it all Ozark and his players have been calm, probably too calm. The manager stuck with the same lineup, asking, "What kind of changes do you make? These guys have done it for me in the past and they know what they have to do now." Most of the players appear unconcerned. "It's better to go through this now when we have a chance to recover, than in the last two weeks," says Second Baseman Dave Cash.

But a few recognize that even now could be too late. "Most of the guys on this team are casual and cool by nature," says Reliever Tug McGraw. "But sometimes if you don't show a little emotion you don't realize what's wrong. Maybe somebody should get mad." General Manager Paul Owens has gone so far as to suggest that maybe somebody should punch somebody in the nose. Just to shake things up, of course.

A handful of players are seething. Before the Chicago series, Shortstop Larry Bowa said, "I know you're supposed to turn the page after a loss, but we've turned too many pages lately. And I know it's not the end of the world, that base-

*continued*



AS CUBS' JOHN SUMMERS RUNS OUT A GAME WINNING HOMER, PITCHER RON REED DESPAIRS

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ball is just a game and there are kids starving in every country, but I can't relate that way. I'm in a pennant race."

That may be the real problem, of course. Bowa and most of his teammates are in a pennant race for the first time. "The guys who survive something like this are the ones who become veterans," says Catcher Bob Boone. Cub Reliever Darold Knowles, who was in three pennant races with Oakland, stood in front of the Philadelphia locker room last week and watched as one long-faced player after another filed out. "Just look at them," he said, shaking his head. "They should win this thing but they are worrying themselves sick. You've got to put each loss behind you and not let it affect you the next day."

Everybody wants to help; everybody has advice. Psychologists call Veterans Stadium, offering professional counseling. A man from the Four-Leaf Clover Tavern brought by a box of four-leaf-clover key chains. Oakland Manager Chuck Tanner called Pitcher Jim Kaat, his friend and business partner—they are coowners of a race horse named Pork Filet—and returned the encouragement Kaat had given him a few weeks before. A friend of Bowa's took a Star of David medal from around his own neck and tossed it down to the shortstop before Thursday's game. Trying to light a fire under his teammates, Pitcher Ron Schueler set off a firecracker in the clubhouse.

None of this has had very much effect, however, especially on realists like Schmidt, who says, "To talk about psychology and how we feel and how we act is just a bunch of ——. What we really need is just one good game."

There was every indication that game would arrive on Thursday against the Cubs. First came the standing ovation. In response, the Phils scored four runs in the second inning on three hits, a sacrifice bunt and some aggressive base running. A very big inning by recent standards and good enough for a win. Afterward, Ozark, a master malaprop, said the crowd's reception had given everyone "a little twinkle down their spine."

As it turned out, even the fans' support was not to last. The next night, when Bowa popped up to end the fifth inning with two men on base and the Phillies trailing 2–1, there were impatient boos. Bowa was only a minor villain, though. Atrocious base running was the major cause of the 3–2 defeat. Schmidt was caught in a rundown between second and third in the first inning, Garry Maddox in another between third and home in the second. Cash tagged up too late on a long drive to center in the eighth, stumbled as he left the bag and was an easy out when he reached third.

In the ninth inning, Rick Bosetti made his second major league appearance, as a pinch runner for Luzinski, who had led off with a single. Although Ozark considers Bosetti his "best base runner," the rookie foolishly took too big a lead and was easy pickings for Cub Pitcher Rick Reuschel. One observer called it a case of using "a 10¢ player in a million-dollar situation."

Kaat, who has gotten little support and four losses during the slump, says the pennant race now resembles a horse race, with his team in serious danger of losing. "I always feel better with a horse making a strong run down the stretch rather than one that's fading," he says. "If you took me out of my Philadelphia uniform I'd feel the same way about this pennant race."

Fast-closing Pittsburgh plays Philadelphia twice this week and the Pirates, says Pitcher Jerry Reuss, are "daring to think we have a chance. Winning is like a domino effect. Once it starts it's really hard to stop."

The Phillies might say the same about losing.

## THE WEEK

*(Sept. 5-11)*

**by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

**NL WEST** "I'm ahead of last year in every aspect," said Joe Morgan of Cincinnati (6–1) as he assessed his chances of repeating as MVP. Last week he batted .318, drove in nine runs and became the first second baseman since 1950, and the fourth ever, to get 100 RBIs in one year. Morgan also became the first player at any position to amass 100 walks, 50 steals, 25 homers and 100 runs in a single season.

Steve Yeager of Los Angeles (2–3) was simply glad to be alive. "Another inch and he would have been a dead man," said the surgeon who operated on Yeager after he was struck in the throat by the jagged end of teammate Bill Russell's broken bat while in the on-deck circle.

Houston (2–5) was homerless, but J. R. Richard won his 17th game and the Astros put together an eight-run inning to overhaul Cincinnati 10–5.

Reliever Butch Metzger of San Diego (4–4) won for the 11th time, Randy Jones stifled Houston for his 21st victory and Doug Rader hit the team's first homer in 14 games.

San Francisco (5–3) bumped Atlanta (1–4) out of fifth place as John Montefusco (15–12) picked up 5–0 and 4–2 wins.

**CIN 92–51 LA 79–60 HOUS 71–74**
**SD 67–78 SF 64–80 ATL 60–80**

**NL EAST** "The way we're going right now, I think you could take nine guys off the street, put Pirate uniforms on them and they'd win," said Pittsburgh Outfielder Al Oliver. The way the Pirates (4–2) were going was up: they now trail the Phillies (2–5) by only four games. Bruce Kison (12–8) and Larry Demery (10–4) muzzled Philadelphia 6–2 and 5–1 in a doubleheader, Jim Rooker (13–7) beat them 6–1 and Jerry Reuss (13–8) and Kent Tekulve held off the Expos 4–3. Richie Hebner, who has been hitting in the low .200s all season, batted .500 and socked the Pirates' only homer of the week, while Oliver was tied for third in the hectic race for the batting title with a .331 average.

Last season's batting champion, Bill Madlock of Chicago (2–5), hit .438 and took over the league lead at .341, passing Cincinnati's Joe Morgan. Rick Monday of the Cubs twice led off games with homers, the seventh and eighth times he has done so this year.

New York (5–1), which more than doubled its pleasure—and run production—at Wrigley Field, closed out its season series there by thumping Chicago 7–4, 11–0 (behind Jon Matlack) and 11–5. In winning seven of nine outings there this year the Mets averaged 8.7 runs a game, in contests played elsewhere they have averaged 3.4 runs. Jerry Koosman (19–8) had two victories, one a two-hit, 4–1 verdict over St. Louis.

St. Louis (4–4), which a year ago had the league's best record in one-run decisions (29–14), lost two of three such games and ran its mark in that category to 19–33.

Montreal (5–4) perked up for new Manager Charlie Fox. Pinch hits by Barry Foote and Jose Morales topped off late rallies that earned the Expos a 7–5, 8–7 sweep of a doubleheader from the Cardinals.

**PHIL 85–55 PITT 81–59 NY 74–66**
**CHI 65–77 ST. L 81–77 MONT 48–90**

**AL WEST** While the Oakland-Kansas City race (*page 16*) heated up, the batting race began to boil. Only five points separated the top four hitters: Hal McRae (.338) and George Brett (.337) of the Royals, and Lyman Bostock

(.336) and Rod Carew (.333) of the Twins. Last week Bostock batted .600, Brett .464, Carew .444 and McRae .185. Carew, who had not hit a grand-slam homer in his 10-year career, walloped his third since June. Minnesota (6–1) set a team record for runs by bombing Chicago 18–1, then matched it in an 18–3 conquest of Kansas City.

Minnie Minoso, 53, became the oldest nonpitcher in major league history when he took over as the DH for Chicago (1–6). (Satchel Paige, 59, and Nick Altrock, 57, are the only older players.) Minoso struck out, popped up and flied out as Frank Tanana of the Angels notched his 16th victory, 7–3. Nolan Ryan of California (5–2) won two three-hitters, striking out 18 Chicago batters in one game. That victory enabled the Angels to grab fourth place from the Rangers (3–4), who were shut out three times.

**KC 81–60 OAK 76–65 MINN 73–71**
**CAL 85–77 TEX 64–77 CHI 59–82**

## AL EAST

With first place securely in hand, the Yankees (5–2) tried to stay sharp. Keeping them that way were Ed Figueroa, Dick Tidrow and Thurman Munson. Figueroa (17–8) blanked Milwaukee 8–0, then flew to Puerto Rico in time for the birth of a son. Tidrow, who saved two games in relief, has an 0.69 ERA in his last 26 innings and 10 games. And

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**WOODIE FRYMAN:** Montreal's rejuvenated hurler, who had one complete game all year, went the route to beat Pittsburgh 1–0, saved a win over St. Louis and, with one day's rest, again went all the way to stop the Bucs 4–2.

MVP aspirant Munson hit .400 and drove in eight runs. That left Munson with 95 RBIs, three behind Lee May of Baltimore (6–2). Jim Palmer of the Orioles became the league's first 20-game winner, and Wayne Garland (17–6) won twice.

Dave LaRoche and Jim Kern have turned out to be the best bullpen combination in Cleveland (4–4) history. Last week LaRoche earned his 16th, 17th and 18th saves and Kern his 13th, giving them three more than Ray Narleski (19) and Don Mossi (9) had in 1955.

Carl Yastrzemski bopped his 20th homer as Boston (2–5) beat Detroit 4–3. Ben Oglivie of the Tigers (3–4) finished off the Red Sox 1–0 with a home run and took care of the Yankees 6–5 with three RBIs.

The Brewers (3–6) savored a 17–4 shellacking of the Indians, but a throwing error and a wild pitch cost them a pair of 3–2 losses.

**NY 86–53 BALT 76–65 CLEV 72–69**
**BOS 67–74 DET 65–75 MIL 62–78**






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# HEALING THE



ILLUSTRATION BY DON MOSS

# WOUNDED EARTH

*A loud-mouthed, no-nonsense, incorruptible public servant and the most stringent strip-mining laws in the country have reclaimed Pennsylvania land that once resembled a vision of hell*

**by J.D. REED**



The earth is erupted, pinched, cratered, as if it has been afflicted by a plague of boils. The caustic smell of sulphuric acid rises where the uncovered spoil coal meets the June air, and red rivulets of iron-heavy water trickle down the hillsides. Migrant vetch and scrub pine poke out at crazy angles from the flinty shale, and torn-up hemlock roots turn a purplish gray as the sun slides behind a horizon of soft rolling peaks. Welcome to Mars.

"Sons a' bees," yells William E. Guckert, seated at the wheel of his station wagon. "Greed. Nothing new about that. But these boys have the tools to do a real job.

"Back in 1961, there were over 200,000 acres of Pennsylvania that looked like this," he goes on in a speeded-up Wallace Beery voice. "Now we've stopped that; there's no *new* unreclaimed areas, and we're putting the old stuff back to use at the rate of 3,000 to 4,000 acres a year. That 'old-law' stuff of not having to reclaim is criminal."

Although at times he sounds like one, Guckert is no Mark Trail-type lover of nature and sweet reasonable- *continued*

*As tall as 20-story buildings, draglines chomp up the countryside, but state laws require that the land be returned to its original contours and revegetated, and that the topsoil be replaced*

ness. If he were, he'd be obeying the 55-mph speed limit, but he's nearing 80 as his anger mounts in memory of what the surface-mining, or strip-mine, industry has done in this Allegheny mountain country

More than half of the 640 million tons of coal mined annually in the U.S. is produced by surface-mining techniques. Rather than leaving a puncture wound in the earth's skin, as in traditional shaft mining, the skin itself is peeled back, exposing the raw meat, as it were, and creating the conditions for landslides, soil erosion, water pollution and a highly visible ugliness.

At present, one third of all the electric power generated in the U.S. comes from strip-mined coal. But rising oil prices have revived interest in the vast coalfields of Montana, Wyoming and North Dakota, which contain an estimated 1.3 trillion tons, or 40% of domestic coal reserves, only part of which can be strip-mined. Already the price per ton for steam coal has risen from a mid-'50s low of $2 to $3 to $16 to $20. Bumper stickers in Pennsylvania, reading COAL—NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FUEL, reflect the optimism of the eastern industry.

But the question plaguing farmers, cattle and sheep ranchers, environmentalists and sportsmen is whether the earth can be put back to its useful and/or natural state after the coal is extracted. Where does wildlife go during strip mining? Does it return to its former habitats after mining? What happens to water quality in streams and wells? Will reclaimed farmland be as productive as it was before being mined? These questions vex experts and concerned laymen.

Bill Guckert, Pennsylvania's director of the Bureau of Surface Mine Reclamation, has been asking these questions for more than a decade and has gotten some of the answers. Balding, built like a dangerous artillery shell, Guckert looks 10 years younger than his 68 years. He wears his fedora with a wild-turkey-feather band at a rakish angle as he blasts along Interstate 80 in Clearfield County, the heart of the bituminous-coal country. Guckert is in charge of policing all surface-mining in the state, including more than 400 coal-mine operators working almost 700 mines in western Pennsylvania. It is his job (along with 28 inspectors) to make sure strip miners patch the earth, repair the damage caused by their huge machines, clean the streams and generally tidy up behind their huge draglines, loaders and earthmovers. A hater of committees and study groups, Bill Guckert has become the Judge Roy Bean of reclamation—decisions rendered on the spot—and a formidable foe in the political ring.

Although the federal government, through divisions such as the Environmental Protection Agency and the Mining Enforcement and Safety Administration, is supposed to be watchdogging the mining industry, Guckert doesn't think much of their performance.

"Those cockeyed sons a' bees down in Washington," he yells, pounding the car seat as he speeds up to pass a truck, "they don't understand a cockeyed thing. All the federal regulatory agencies are badly managed. All they're interested in is bringing charges against industry to justify their existence.

"I met a guy from MESA who told me he didn't care if the companies made money at all, as long as the miners were safe. Well, if the companies don't make money, they can't pay the miners, and if the miners don't work, that dumb bunny will find himself out of a job. And the U.S. doesn't have any coal. Those professional do-gooders have to learn that this is a two-way street."

Guckert wheels into the parking lot of a motel near Clearfield, Pa. to meet one of his inspectors, Ed Lancaster, who at 6′ 4″, 250 pounds is not a likely candidate to catch one in the chops at a miners' tavern on Saturday night. Transferring to Lancaster's Jeep Wagoneer, they jounce off for a spot check of a nearby mine. There, the idea and the reality of strip-mining blend in a confusing tangle of hillocks, ponds, machinery and coal. The idea is simple enough. Huge earthmovers called pans remove the topsoil and take it to a separate area for later replacement. Next, a monster dragline (a steam shovel fitted so that the bucket is dropped on the subsoil and then dragged by cables back toward the rig) removes the "overburden," or the soil scraped off to get at the coal face, until the coal seam is reached. Then, plying directly on the surface of the coal, front-end loaders scoop it up and dump it into large trucks called buckets, which take the raw product to processing stations called tipples, where it is limed, deironized, graded, cleaned and loaded onto trains for shipment.

Patches of fog lie in the opened mine; huge piles of overburden tower 150 feet in the air and the ground is littered with flinty shale, the rock common to coalfields. Guckert and Lancaster pick their way expertly through this shrouded, clanking maze, seeming to know in which direction things are moving and what the mine operator is doing.

To a visitor the scene is one of unfathomable horror, Hieronymus Bosch brought to life, and it makes one wonder if our need for power is indeed dire enough to warrant this vivisection of the earth. It took the earth millions of years to compress its load of plants and trees into this carbonized blackness. At the present rate of consumption, all the mineable coal in the U.S. will be gone in 340 years. Progress. Leave it there for another billion years and the coal might turn to diamonds under further pressure, and glint back at the Milky Way in a frozen eternity.

Snuff-chewing Ed Lancaster spits into the yellow "Have A Nice Day" cup affixed as a spittoon to the dash: the Jeep bucks over the dinosaur tracks of bulldozers and the work of the world goes on. The earthmovers, roaring on the world's largest tires across the hillside, emit brown exhaust from their stacks. The big-lunged D-9 Cats drop their blades with a crash, grading the earth to give access to the coal face. A drilling rig whines constantly, determining the width, depth and direction of the seam ahead of the dragline. Big front-end loaders move in and scoop up the coal and drop it thunderously into the trucks. The trucks rock down on their springs under 20 tons of raw coal and gun up with surprising speed, clashing gears past the D-9s and out onto the road.

Strip mining ruins the land, kills vegetation and disrupts wildlife habitats; it can pollute water miles downstream, and it creates enormous and enduring ugliness. More specifically, when coal in the ground is exposed to the air, and then to water, it makes sulphuric acid. In addition there is a high concentration of iron in coalfields, so a coal face left exposed to the elements is bound to produce acidic

*continued*




*On the gravel outside Tulchan Lodge, legendary sporting seat of Scottish Earls.*

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and ironized streams and ponds when rain runoff reaches the land below the open seam. Until recently mine operators merely left the coal seam exposed when they were done stripping and moved on, often leaving one or two other deeper seams at the same site untouched. It stands to reason that if the overburden is replaced and the old spoil coal isn't exposed to the air it won't produce acid. Hence, no polluted streams and lakes

Back in the early '40s Guckert, a professional taxidermist from Pittsburgh, had bought a farm in Butler County. He found that his taxes kept going up as the stripped lands around him became valueless and the owners paid almost no taxes.

"There was good grouse hunting in the old strip mines," reflects Guckert, "but some other things made me mad You'd come to a pit and find a deer at the bottom, dead of a broken back. They just can't jump those holes And the streams were red with iron, and as acid as could be. No fish at all."

In time, Guckert decided to do something about it, but with many of the Pennsylvania legislators being men with some kind of interest in the mining industry, it was not an easy fight. A number of largely ineffectual laws were passed in the '40s and '50s, including one which required a ludicrous three-foot backfill for pits that were as much as 100 feet deep. Along with Representative John Laudadio, a conservationist and house leader, Guckert, then the executive secretary of the 14,000-member Allegheny County Sportsmen's League, saw meaningful legislation pushed into pigeonholes and tabled more times than a leftover turkey. Finally, in 1959, when one of these bills was languishing in committee, a state senator said, "Guckert, this one will never see the light of day."

Recalls Guckert, "I told him, 'Brother, you're finished.' "

Backed by the powerful *Pittsburgh Press*, Guckert fought the good fight. "We defeated that donkey in the next election," he says. "We took it to the voting booth and let the people decide who the liars were." In 1963 a significant reclamation bill passed and was signed into law by Governor William Scranton. This bill included a tough "approximate contour" law, requiring mine operators to return sites to a condition that matched the contour of the original landscape as closely as possible.

That same year Scranton appointed Guckert to the Pennsylvania land reclamation board. In 1967 he was tapped to be head of the state bureau of reclamation. By 1971 Pennsylvania had also adopted a topsoil law, requiring that the richer loam be separated from the subsoil and replaced after the mining was completed, thereby creating better conditions for vegetation. "In some cases the land is improved," says Guckert. "There are cases where a farmer ends up with more acreage than he started with, by advance planning between him and the mine operator."

In 1971 seeding laws were enacted, requiring (at the state's discretion) the fertilization and revegetation of reclaimed land with either mixed legumes and timothy, seedling trees or grass.

The next stop on Guckert's and Lancaster's itinerary was a "reworking" of a mine where 30 years ago an operator went in to take out the easily accessible top seam of coal, leaving secondary seams still buried. A new operator is now working the mine, digging deep through the heaped and ugly overburden to get at the second seam (sometimes there's a third) of less dense, more sulphurous, yet profitable coal. Guckert points out, "The new operator is responsible to put back to contour everything he touches. Not only does that reclaim a lot of old-law land, but it puts it back on the tax rolls. It saves the state millions of dollars cleaning up, and gives communities taxable acreage."

There used to be grumbles from operators when they filed plans with Guckert's office to rework an old mine site and he would demand they put back old workings that were adjacent to, but not included in, their plans. "There's Pennsylvania law, and then there's Guckert's law," says Guckert. "I also made them save topsoil starting in 1968, even though the law didn't go into effect until 1972."

Franklin Mohney, head of the Pennsylvania Coal Producers' Association, the operators' group, says, "Bill Guckert is respected. He's tough and fair. We disagreed with him a lot in the beginning, mostly for economic reasons, but now we think he's one of the best things that's happened to the industry. Bill wrote his own laws sometimes, like saving topsoil, and legally he probably didn't have a leg to stand on, but no one took him to court We usually find it better to go along with his ideas."

It would be difficult to imagine a pharmaceutical concern saying that about the Food and Drug Administration. But then, Guckert is a willful personality, not a regulatory bureau working from thick statute books.

Bill Guckert leaps from the Jeep on the ridge of a hill. "The operator is following a seam that runs into this mountain," he says. "He starts down there where the hill rises from the valley floor and cuts across it He's got to leave 25 feet undisturbed as a barrier against water runoff. Then it's just like slicing a loaf of bread. After he finishes the first cut across, he piles the overburden from the next cut back in the hole. Then he just slices up the mountain, backfilling as he goes. The two D-9s down there are grading the land back to contour, and the operator is bound by law to keep them there, constantly backfilling, until the job is done."

Pennsylvania's coal operators are faced with a welter of laws, backfilling being one of the easiest to live with. In outline, the process of strip mining begins when the coal operator gets the mineral rights to a piece of land. Then he must have an O K. from the surface owner. Usually this is worked out by a flat fee plus a fee per ton of coal.

Next the operator must get two permits: a mine-drainage permit and a surface-mining permit, for which he has to submit detailed maps of the exact area, showing elevations, streams, mudholes, roads, etc., with detailed proposals of how and when he's going to work the mine. The drainage proposal must include plans for stopping water runoff with pumps, hoses, settling ponds and dams. If any acid water or iron water or sediment is discovered, even up to five years later, the mine operator is held responsible.

The mine owner also posts a bond of from $500 to $2,000 an acre to guarantee reclamation, and he has to have a revegetation plan approved by the reclamation bureau.

These laws may seem stringent, but

continued

they have not been designed to drive the coal companies out of the state. Says Governor Milton J. Shapp, a businessman in a lawyer's game, "Pennsylvania mine operators wouldn't go back to the old system. The new reclamation laws make it easier for them to get contractual agreements with farmers and other landowners, because they can point out how much improved the land will be after mining. We figure that the cost to the operator in Pennsylvania is about 35¢ a ton. That's not a big bite with prices up around $18. It doesn't slow the companies down, the coal still comes out of the ground in this state and at a greater rate than ever before."

Living proof of this dictum is Bob Sechan, the owner-operator of a large limestone mine in Portersville. One would never guess at first glance that Sechan is a millionaire. Covered with white limestone dust and missing a tooth or two, he looks like a ghost risen from the Bowery. He bounces through his limestone pits in a four-wheel-drive station wagon that is also covered with dust. "Bill really taught me how to go to church," Sechan says. "My wife wants a new house, a new car, and I have to say, 'Sorry, all my money's tied up in backfilling.'"

Sechan's money is tied up in a few other things, too. There's the big water tower rising from the middle of Lake Arthur Estates for mobile homes. Wholly built on land reclaimed from mining, the development boasts trees, lush lawns, a senior citizens' recreation center and Norman Rockwell kids riding around on banana-seat bicycles. Sechan plans to double Lake Arthur's size when the pit across the street is mined out next year.

Fifteen miles to the south is an 18-hole golf course built on reclaimed land. There is no sign that coal ever came from beneath the fairways and greens. In Jefferson County is the farm of Emerson Bowser, 114 acres of wheat, corn and hay on reclaimed land. The crops are thick on the steep, contour-plowed hillside fields. Bowser's new house gleams with aluminum siding and combination storm-screen windows, and his brand-new tractor, bailer and wagons testify to an agricultural affluence found usually on much larger farms.

"This is the second year I've taken a crop off this land," Bowser says, panting after the steep climb into the field. "This was all strip-mined. The company told me that they wanted the coal under my old house, and that they'd build me a new one to my specifications. And what with the fee per ton and all, I said O.K." Bowser not only has a new house and enough money for new equipment, he also was compensated for the 1½ years his land was out of production. Which makes one wonder why some coal companies claim that they cannot afford reclamation.

"Emerson, do you have any money in

*continued*


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the bank?" asks an impish Guckert. Bowser smiles while watching the bulldozers backfilling another section of his farm. But even though Emerson Bowser hit it rich in the surface-permission sweepstakes, there are many unanswered questions that go beyond cash on hand.

There are as yet no verifiable figures as to the amount and cost of fertilizer on reclaimed farmland over a long period. It does take more fertilizer—that is a certainty—and herein lies an irony. Fertilizer costs skyrocketed during the energy crisis because most commercial fertilizers are made from petroleum. Coal is an alternative to oil in the production of electricity, but if the land from which coal is taken then needs petroleum products in greater quantity to make it productive, where's the saving and the gain?

On the road again to another mine site Guckert can't help bragging about Pennsylvania. "Some years ago I visited Ohio, going around to a few reclaimed sites that the boys over there carefully selected. I kept seeing buttes everywhere, just like New Mexico. They were mountaintops where the sides of the hill had been taken off and the top left. But these Ohio boys kept telling me that the strippers left 'em there to protect the cattle from the wind. They've got tender cows over there in Ohio."

Guckert has a record of not keeping quiet about the efficacy of reclamation laws whether they are Pennsylvania's or another state's. Recently invited to Virginia to evaluate its reclamation policies, Guckert alarmed an assembled audience of experts, politicians and coal-company officials by telling them what a lousy job they were doing, and detailing his criticism with a homemade slide show. There was turmoil.

Bouncing into the next mine site, Lancaster glances balefully at a heap of rubbish—old mattresses, bottles, cans, a broken chair—and says, "Looks like a weekend ecologist has been here." That's Ed's code word for anyone who "bitches all week about strip mining and what it's doing to the area he lives in, and then on Sunday uses the pit for his personal garbage dump."

As Lancaster pilots the Jeep up the mining road, Guckert spots something he doesn't like. "Ed, stop over here a minute. See that drainage hose? It's supposed to carry water pumped from the coal seam down to a settling pond where the water's treated with lime and chemicals before it can get into the watershed. But somebody got lazy. They're pumping that acid water into a spoil pile."

Lancaster goes into action. He throws the cowboy hat into the back seat and dons his official hard hat. As he accelerates toward the dragline where the foreman's truck is parked, the tobacco juice in the dashboard cup threatens to spill. "You're in serious violation of your mine-drainage permit," he tells the foreman, "and I am officially ordering you to cease and desist mining."

The foreman looks like he might either say "Yes, sir," or try a looping overhand left to the forehead. "Close it down, bud," Lancaster says evenly. The foreman figures what the heck it's not his mine, and calls the owner on two-way radio from his truck. The dragline, loaders and drills fall silent.

The operator will have a hearing in Harrisburg before an examiner. He'll probably be fined, and the violation will go against his record. Too many violations and his operator's license will be lifted.

"You take a dragline like that," Guckert says, pointing. "If you were to rent one, it costs $2,400 a day with the operator. If this guy is shut down an average of two weeks, it's going to cost him a bundle to get back to mining after the hearing. That hurts. This operator has never had a violation before, so we'll try to get him a hearing as soon as we can."

Al Hamilton, the operator in question, is a thin, middle-aged man wearing a predictable frown below his red hair. Dressed in Levi's, dirty Wellington boots and a sport shirt, he could be mistaken for a guy driving home from a factory in his pickup truck. But the pickup—fitted with exhaust stacks, antennas for three radios, mag wheels, oversize radial tires, enough chrome, interior trim and accessories to satisfy a sheik—is easily more expensive than a Cadillac. "I'll bet he's clearing half a mil for himself," smiles Big Ed.

But Al Hamilton is not figuring net worth at the moment; he's calculating how much this is going to cost him and what he's going to do about it. "I guess I'll have to go up there and fire about three of those dopes," he says, booting stones a long way down a hill.

Nonetheless, he feels Guckert's action is fair. "I was in violation, so I'll suffer the loss. It's tough, but I know that Guckert would bust U.S. Steel's coal operation for the same thing. He's a fair enforcer, with the big guys as well as us small fry."

As if to prove there's no grudge, Hamilton shows Guckert and Lancaster some of the reclamation projects of which he's particularly proud—a farm now being worked, cattle grazing on an old strip-mine site, some acreage planted in white birch ("Would you believe it—those things are worth $12 apiece now?"), some in meadow grasses.

This display of sylvan and agrarian innocence above the surface of the stripper's scar tissue turns Guckert into an aesthete for a few moments. "That's what I love about reclamation," he says, glowing and pointing his hat at a farmer in the distance turning hay. "I love to see the rolling contours of the hills, the curved shoulders of the mountains when they've been replanted and the grass is waving in the wind. And, on those old-law mine sites, to know that the land is *more* useful, more productive than before, and a farmer is out there harvesting crops.

"As a taxidermist, I liked action poses best, to take a dead old pheasant skin and carefully sculpt a form and fix every feather just right so it looked like the danged thing was flying—and the customer would say, 'Bill, it looks so lifelike I want to shoot it again.' That's the feeling I get from a good mine-reclamation job."

Al Hamilton goes to do his firing, and Guckert has had enough mine inspection for one day. As he blasts off for his Butler County farm, he notices five deer grazing in a meadow. "See that?" says Guckert. "Where they're grazing was open mine last fall. One of the things I like best about reclamation, although I've never proved it scientifically, is that reclamation keeps deer and other grazing animals off the roads by giving them winter forage where before there was none. A lot of deer are killed on the roads in this state."

At his farm, which includes a small stone house that he built himself, a barn

housing a snowmobile and trailer (to get forage to the deer in winter), four man-made ponds boiling with trout, and a hillside of fruit trees, the abstemious Guckert reflects over a root beer, "I'm a conservationist, not an environmentalist. I believe that man should use nature. Why, you can't pretend like these ecologists that you'll never disturb the environment. Just breathing disturbs the environment. We eat meat, we hunt, we fish—and these are *good* things.

"Man has a tremendous impact on nature and a tremendous responsibility to leave it better than he found it. If you want to get coal out of the ground, then you'd better put it back to greater beauty and productivity than before mining, or I'll be seeing you—and mighty fast, too!"

Guckert's particular strength in Pennsylvania is an uneasy alignment of environmentalists, politicians, scientists and judges, and the grudging cooperation of the mine companies themselves. But what will happen after he *retires*? He is 68, and although he shows neither the temperament nor the disability that would force him to slow down, it will happen.

"I wish we could institutionalize him," says Ernest Preate Jr., a Scranton lawyer and assistant district attorney. Although Preate has fought Guckert's agency in several court battles involving the rights of individuals and towns against the state, his admiration for him has not dimmed.

"It's ironic to think that Bill's grassroots supporters in the original fight for tougher laws in the '50s were sportsmen, and now it's that very group that often turns against him." Preate refers to the State Game Land 93 case. The game land, a heavily fished and hunted area in Clearfield County, was being sought by coal operators to strip-mine. Bill Guckert agreed with the mine owners' desires, though he demanded that they put up a higher bond than usual and that they meet tighter controls. Preate, representing several sportsmen's groups and the city of DuBois, Pa., won.

"The sportsmen thought Bill had sold them out, but that's not altogether true," says Preate. "It's the inadequate law. The state does not have the right, currently, to decide what areas can and cannot be stripped. That's the crux of the problem. The proposed federal strip-mining law that President Ford vetoed last year would have given states the right to decide about such matters. But Bill is sort of hamstrung on these decisions."

Though hamstrung at times, Guckert's name never fails to elicit strong feelings among Pennsylvania miners. "Before I took office after the election, I was warned about Bill Guckert," says Governor Shapp, smiling. "I was told to watch out for him, that he was a wild guy. When I met him, I found out they were right—he is a wild guy. We had one of the most ravished states in the Union, and through Bill Guckert's effort in the western part of the state, it's becoming beautiful again. I wish we had a thousand Bill Guckerts."

Although the idea of a thousand Guckerts might shock the legal departments of the big coal operators, it still would not be enough to supervise the vast coal deposits in the Western U.S. For the problems—not insurmountable, claim some experts—are big enough to require new types of thinking.

In Pennsylvania, as in most of Appalachia, the overburden of the coal seam is often 80 to 100 feet. After removing only a couple of feet of coal thickness, there is plenty of overburden to put back. In the West, the overburden may be only 20 feet thick and the coal seam 50 feet. When you put back the 20 feet of overburden, there is still a deep depression. And the rainfall in the West is so light that revegetation is much more difficult than in Pennsylvania, so these huge holes in the earth will not become beautiful man-made lakes as some have in the East. But if a way is found, and a law made, all you need then is a thousand Bill Guckerts parachuted into Billings, Mont.

Guckert putters about on his farm, checking his trout ponds and his fruit trees. "Look here!" he yells. "The cockeyed beavers have been chewing up my dwarf pear trees. They shouldn't do that. There's plenty of timber up in back of the pond for them to make dams with.

"Having animals is a terrible burden. All winter I run food up to the deer, I feed the fish all year, and then some beaver does this." He glowers toward the pond with its beaver dam. One imagines that Bill Guckert will set the Pennsylvania beavers straight, in the same manner that he's kept a fist shaking at strip-mine operators. The sons a' bees. **END**




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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Sept. 6-12**

**BOXING**—ESTEBAN DeJESUS of Carolina, Puerto Rico retained his WBC lightweight title in San Juan with a seventh-round knockout of Hector Julio Medina of the Dominican Republic

**PRO FOOTBALL**—The Super Bowl Champion Pittsburgh Steelers stumbled in their opener, losing to Oakland 31–28 on rookie *Fred Steinfort's 21-yard field goal with* 18 seconds remaining. The Steelers led 28–14 with only *three minutes to play but the Raiders tied the score on* Ken Stabler's touchdown rollout and went on to win after Willie Hall intercepted Terry Bradshaw's pass at the Steelers' 17-yard line. Cincinnati's Ken Anderson threw two touchdown passes in the last 10 minutes as the Bengals beat Denver 17–7, and Roger Staubach threw for 242 yards and two touchdowns as Dallas defeated Philadelphia 27–7. Chicago rallied for a 10–3 *win over Detroit. Houston rolled up 190 yards on the* ground to beat Tampa Bay 20–0. Minnesota clobbered New Orleans 40–9, and Los Angeles defeated Atlanta 30–14 as Ron Jaworski and Pat Haden threw for touchdowns. Washington's Billy Kilmer hit Mike Thomas with a five-yard touchdown pass with 45 seconds to play to enable Washington to beat the New York Giants 19–17. Mike Phipps and Brian Sipe combined for five touchdown passes in Cleveland's 38–17 rout of the New York Jets. Phipps threw three scoring passes before leaving in the third quarter with a separated shoulder. San Diego surprised Kansas City 30–16, and Delvin Williams ran 59 yards for the go-ahead touchdown in San Francisco's 26–14 defeat of Green Bay. Jim Otis and Terry Metcalf both ran for more than 100 yards and Jim Hart passed for two touchdowns as St. Louis spoiled Seattle's NFL debut 30–24. Baltimore defeated New England 27–13 *(page 49)*

**GOLF**—RAY FLOYD birdied the first hole of a playoff against Jerry McGee to win $40,000 top money in the World Open at Pinehurst, N.C. Floyd had also birdied the 72nd hole to tie McGee at 10-under-par 274

JANE BLALOCK of Portsmouth, N.H. shot an 11-under-par 205 to win the $50,000 Dallas Civitan Open by nine strokes over Kathy Whitworth

**HARNESS RACING**—OIL BURNER ($3.40), driven by Ben Webster, won the $101,000 Holmes Pace at The Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J. Armbro Ranger *won the first heat in 1:56⅘ and Oil Burner the second in* 1:56⅖. Those heats were worth $30,300 apiece; the finale, won by Oil Burner in 1:55⅕, offered a $40,400 prize

**HORSE RACING**—REAL WINO ($5), Gary Sumpter aboard, finished 1¼ lengths ahead of Lord Winsalot to take the $330,000 winner's share in the $1-million All American Futurity—the richest horse race in the world—at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. The undefeated 2-year-old filly, who went into the lead midway through the 440-yard race, was timed in 21.7 seconds

RIOT IN PARIS ($6.60), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, won the $100,000 Del Mar Handicap by three-quarters of a length over favored Avatar. It was Shoemaker's *114th victory in races worth $100,000 or more.* Riot In Paris was clocked in 1:57⅗ over a course that measured 120 feet less then 1¼ miles

Making his first start on turf, JOACHIM ($22), ridden by Sam Maple, won the $128,400 Secretariat Stakes at Arlington Park. Carrying top weight of 123 pounds, Joachim covered the mile and an eighth in 1:50⅘.

DANCE SPELL ($17.60), ridden by Ruben Hernandez, won the $111,000 Jerome Handicap at Belmont Park, scoring a 3¼-length victory over Soy Numero Uno. Dance Spell covered the mile in 1:35

**MOTOR SPORTS**—RICHARD THARP of Houma, La. won the top fuel class at the National Hot Rod Association Championships at Indianapolis, covering the quarter mile in 6.114 seconds. In Funny Car competition, GARY BURGIN of Stanton, Calif., driving a '76 Mustang II, upset Don Prudhomme of Granada Hills, Calif., Burgin's time was 6.258. Prudhomme, who had won seven straight NHRA titles this year, set a national record of 5.97 in a qualifying heat. In pro stock competition, WALLY BOOTH of Berkley, Mich., driving a '75 Hornet, was timed in 8.692, defeating Larry Lombardo of Malvern, Pa., who drove a '76 Monza

OAVIO PEARSON, averaging 120.534 mph, won the Southern 500 stock-car race at Darlington, S.C. in his Mercury. Pearson, who had won the Daytona 500 and World 600, took the lead with 56 miles to go and held off runner-up Richard Petty. Pearson collected $16,155

CALE YARBOROUGH resisted a late challenge by Bobby Allison to win a car-length victory in the Capital City 400 Grand National stock-car race at Richmond. Driving a Chevrolet, Yarborough averaged 77.993 mph on the half-mile track and won $9,250

*RONNIE PETERSON of Sweden, driving a March* Ford, won the Italian Grand Prix on the 3.7-mile Monza course before a crowd of 140,000. Peterson covered the 187 miles in 1:30:35.6 (an average speed of 124 mph) to defeat Switzerland's Clay Regazzoni, who was driving a Ferrari. In his first race since he was seriously injured in a crack-up in West Germany, Niki Lauda finished fourth

**TENNIS**—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Bjorn Borg in the men's singles final of the U.S. Open at Forest Hills (*page 10*). Connors fought off four set points in a third-set tie breaker as he won the $30,000 top money 6–4, 3–6, 7–6, 6–4. CHRIS EVERT took the women's title, beating Evonne Goolagong 6–3, 6–0 for $30,000. MARTY RIESSEN and TOM OKKER won the men's doubles title, defeating Paul Kronk and Cliff Letcher 6–4, 6–4. BILLIE JEAN KING and *PHIL DENT beat Betty Stove and Frew McMillan 3–6,* 6–2, 7–5 in mixed doubles

**VOLLEYBALL**—The SAN DIEGO BREAKERS led by league MVP Dodge Parker, defeated defending champion Los Angeles 2–12, 12–3, 12–9, 12–6 to win the IVA title at the San Diego Sports Arena

**MILEPOSTS**—ACQUIRED: By the New York Nets, Guard NATE (Tiny) ARCHIBALD from Kansas City in exchange for Guard BRIAN TAYLOR, Center JIM EAKINS and the Nets' first-round draft choices in 1977 and 1978. The 6' 1" Archibald has averaged 25.2 points and 8.1 assists in his six NBA seasons.

PURCHASED: By the New York Knicks, Forward JIM McMILLIAN from Buffalo for a reported $200,000. The 6' 5" McMillian has a 15.9 points-per-game average for his six NBA seasons. At the same time Knick Forward BILL BRADLEY confirmed reports that he would retire at the end of the 1976-77 season.

SIGNED: By the Buffalo Bills, O.J. SIMPSON, to three one-year contracts at a reported salary of $2.5 million plus substantial fringe benefits. Simpson, 29, had requested to be traded to a West Coast team in order to be closer to his family, but the Bills were unable to come to terms with either the Los Angeles Rams or the Oakland Raiders. The new contract makes Simpson the highest-paid player in NFL history.

RULED: By U.S. District Court Judge *WILLIAM B.* BRYANT, that the National Football League's annual college draft violates federal antitrust laws.


**CREDITS**

8—Drawing by Arnold Roth. **10, 11**—Eric Schweikardt/Co Rentmeester. **12-15**—Co Rentmeester. **16, 17**—Fred Kaplan/Black Star; Buck Miller. **18, 19**—James Drake; John D. Hanlon. **20**—James Drake. **43**—Hank deLespasse. **49**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **57**—Aldo Durazzi. **60**—Jerry Wachtar. **74**—Jerry McCullough/Albuquerque Journal; William H. Mortimer/Baltimore Sunpapers.


## FACES IN THE CROWD



**OLEN McLEMORE**
BALTIMORE

Firing a Model 70 Winchester, McLemore won a second straight state championship high-power competition. Firing an M-14, he also earned the Distinguished Rifleman Award, for which he will receive a gold medal from the U.S. Congress.



**JIM BRADLEY**
SPRINGFIELD, VA.

Competing for the first time in 20 years, Bradley, a 40-year-old public relations man, has won 13 gold medals in Masters track meets during 1976. At the USTFF National Championships he won the 440 (54.6) and the 880 (2:12).



**DENISE AOENT**
ALBUQUERQUE

A 12-year-old first baseman for the champion Cubs of the Mile High Little League, Denise is the first girl in New Mexico to be named to a Little League all-star team. She had a 535 batting average in 20 games and hit one home run.



**KEITH BROWN**
BALTIMORE

Keith, 18, became the first athlete in the National Junior Olympics to win three gold medals. He took the 100-yard dash (9.73), the 220 (21.48) and the 440 (47.05) in Memphis after his neighbors raised money at a bazaar to pay for the trip.



**BRAD FAXON**
BARRINGTON, R.I.

Brad, 15, captured the qualifying medal with a four-over-par 73, and then became the youngest golfer to win the Rhode Island Junior Championship, beating Al Vallante, 17, 5 and 3. Brad is also the state 17-and-under table tennis champion.



**TERRY SCOTT**
OLTAN SHORES, WASH.

A senior at North Beach High School, 17-year-old Terry is the National Junior Olympic decathlon champion. In his first decathlon competition, he set a state record of 6,223 points. He is also the state high school long-jump champion (22' 5½").

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## BARKLEY L. HENDRICKS

HOME: New London, Connectieut

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Painter, photographer, fine arts instructor

HOBBIES: Music, basketball, traveling.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "I Wonder as I Wander" by Langston Hughes

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Displayed at a major bicentennial exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which featured the paintings of over 500 artists from American history.

QUOTE: "My work provides me with total freedom. In turn, it demands total honesty. So long as one can remain honest with himself and his work, he'll have the freedom for the exploration and satisfaction of his foremost feelings and desires."

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# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

### UPS AND DOWNS

Sir:

Michigan is No. 1 (College Football 1976, Sept. 6). Thanks, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We needed that!

KEVIN P. BENNETT
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

Michigan? The Wolverines have enough trouble trying to beat Ohio State and win the Big Ten. Now you have them winning the national championship. Come on!

DAVID FORSYTH
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir:

Just raise Nebraska three notches and add Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma State for a complete Top 20.

DAVID THOMAN
Blue Springs, Neb.

Sir:

I was thoroughly shocked that you failed to rank the UCLA Bruins.

KEVIN CRAMER
Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

Alabama wouldn't be second in the Big Eight.

JIM CAZIER
Onaga, Kans.

Sir:

Thank you for recognizing the University of Maryland, which has a fine football team and a great overall athletic program.

ROBERT J. MURPHY
Germantown, Md.

Sir:

Maryland ahead of Penn State and Pitt?

NEAL S. SCHIFF
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

You stated that, except for Maryland, "ACC football is still out in the cold." North Carolina surprised your 17th-rated Miami of Ohio 14–10.

JOHN P. SHEEHAN
Scott AFB, Ill.

Sir:

Notre Dame could field its best interhall team, play without coaches and go back to the one-platoon system and still have a better team than Miami of Ohio.

GREGORY T. EINBODEN
Bexley, Ohio

Sir:

You said Memphis State hopes to upset Mississippi and Tennessee but "don't bet on it." Memphis State 21, Mississippi 16.

BARRY STAFFORD
Memphis

### LINGERING MELODIES

Sir:

The article on college marching songs (*Sing a Song for Alma Mater*, Sept. 6) gave me a bang. Nothing can touch the *Washington and Lee Swing* on the dance floor, and nothing can touch *The Victors* anywhere.

GEORGE B. JOHNSON
Buffalo, Wyo.

Sir:

Robert Cantwell credits Caleb O'Connor with writing the Yale football song *Down the Field*. I was a freshman at Yale when the song was introduced at a mass meeting, and I never heard of Caleb O'Connor. The composer of *Down the Field* was Stanleigh P. Friedman.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL
Berkeley, Calif.

• Friedman (Yale, Class of 1905), who went on to become a lawyer and a vice-president and director of Warner Bros., wrote the music in June 1904. O'Connor (then a student at Yale Law School) wrote the words in the fall of 1905.—ED

Sir:

It is unconscionable that Robert Cantwell could "sing a song for Alma Mater" and not include either one of the greatest college tunes in America, *The Spirit of Aggieland* and *The Aggie War Hymn*. The latter was composed by J. V. (Pinky) Wilson while he was standing guard on the Rhine as a member of the American Expeditionary Force after World War I. The songs are so popular they are played by high school bands all around the country.

DAN B. GRIMLAND
Carmel, Ind.

### FERTIG'S RECORD

Sir:

As usual, SI's college football issue (Sept. 6) was an informative and colorful package, especially John Underwood's article *New Boys on the Block*. However, we at *The Way It Was* television show would like to set the record straight regarding former USC great and new Oregon State Coach Craig Fertig. He was not the *man* who quarterbacked USC to a national championship in 1962 and he never played in a Rose Bowl game, much less "starred" in one. Craig was a sophomore that year and was learning the ropes from Pete Beathard and Bill Nelsen.

In 1964, Craig's only full season as a starting quarterback, USC had to beat undefeated and No. 1-ranked Notre Dame to finish with a 7–3 record and a tie for the conference championship. The Trojans accomplished this feat in one of college football's greatest upsets (a game featured on an upcoming *The Way It Was* episode) but the Athletic Association of Western Universities selected the other team to go to the Rose Bowl, and Craig had to watch the Pasadena classic on television. The other AAWU team, incidentally, was Oregon State.

GARY BROWN
Producer
*The Way It Was*
Hollywood

### KICKS AND CROATS

Sir:

The article on the North American Soccer League's championship game (*Minnesota Had to Eat Croat Meal*, Sept. 6) indicated that "the league brass was hoping for a win by the Kicks" and that there was an anti-Croatian and/or anti-Canadian feeling among league officials.

I assure you there is no such feeling.

The league was not at all embarrassed by the appearance of a fine Toronto team. The league and all its member clubs were justifiably proud of the accomplishments of Minnesota in its first year, but were not necessarily hoping for a Kicks win. We were hoping only for an exciting game to end soccer's most successful season in North America, and we most certainly got it.

PHIL WOOSNAM
Commissioner
North American Soccer League
New York City

### TEED OFF

Sir:

In regard to the article on Dick Siderowf (*A Plain Man's Fancy*, Aug. 30), I was appalled at the reference to Mr. Siderowf's "running feud with the greenskeeper about the patchy condition of the practice tee." I would like to make it clear to Mr. Siderowf that greenskeepers are now known as golf course superintendents. They are educated professionals in their field who provide quality turf for better golf for players both professional and amateur such as Mr. Siderowf.

Furthermore, I would like to add that the "patchy condition of the practice tee" would no longer exist if Mr. Siderowf would replace his divots.

EDWARD CONSOLATI
Golf Course Superintendent
Birchwood Country Club
Westport, Conn.

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